

TIME

THE MONSTERS NEXT DOOR

WHAT MADE THEM
DO IT?

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HAVING
SAVED
THE DAY
IN THREE TIME ZONES
SUPERMAN
TAKES A MOMENT TO
PONDER
THE NEXT MOVE

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“Alright, guys. Break it up.”



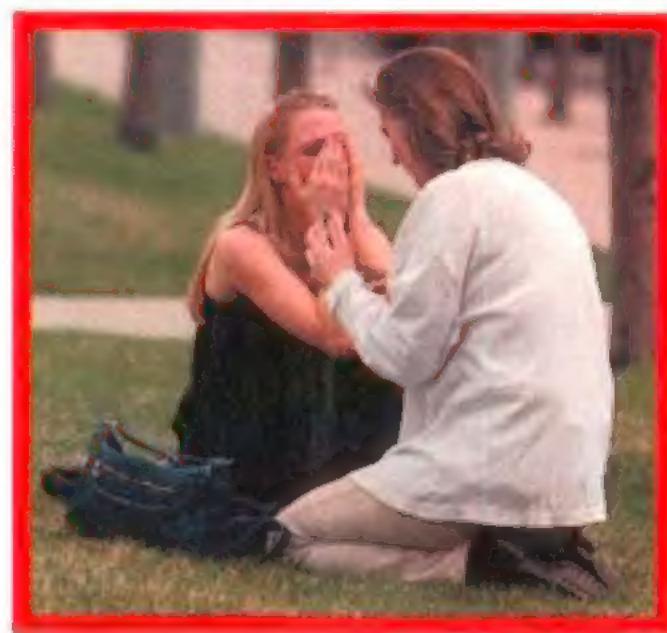
Nothing separates the all-new V-6, 7-passenger Honda Odyssey from other minivans quite like the convertible second-row seats. You can go from a bench seat to two bucket seats before the next family argument breaks out. Come in for a test-sit and see what else sets Odyssey apart.



The all-new Odyssey. It's one big happy minivan.



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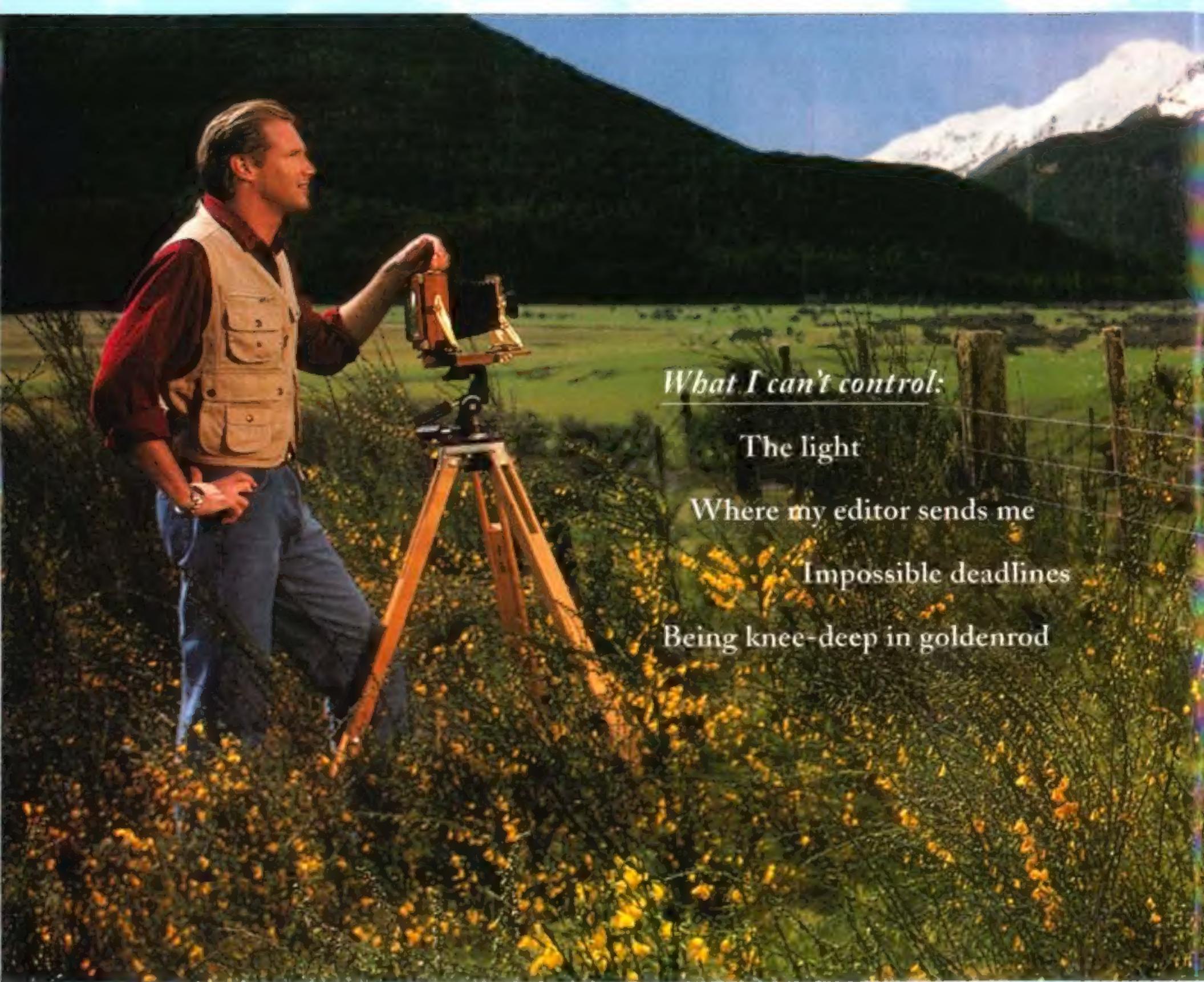
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COVER: Photograph of suspect Dylan Klebold courtesy of Brian Maass—KCNC-TV. Photograph of suspect Eric Harris from Sygma. Photographs of victims from AP (2); Glenn Asakawa—Rocky Mountain News/Sygma (1); Rocky Mountain News/Sygma (1)

TAKE CLEAR CONTROL



What I can't control:

The light

Where my editor sends me

Impossible deadlines

Being knee-deep in goldenrod

Talk to your doctor about once-a-day, nondrowsy CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR — for people ages 12 and up. CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR is safe to take as prescribed: one tablet daily. In studies, dry mouth was the most commonly reported side effect. Other side effects including drowsiness and sleeplessness occurred about as often as they did with a sugar pill.

Some people should not take CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR. If you have a history of difficulty in swallowing tablets or any medical problems associated with swallowing abnormalities, you should not take CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR. Due to pseudoephedrine (the decongestant in CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR tablets and many over-the-counter allergy medications), you should not take CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR if you have glaucoma (abnormally high pressure in your eyes), difficulty urinating, severe high blood pressure, severe heart disease, or are taking MAO inhibitors (certain prescription medications that treat depression).

OL. TAKE CLARITIN®.

What I can control:

The length of my exposures

My artistic vision

Never having to wear suits and ties

My stuffy nose, sneezing, and watery eyes

Once-a-day

Claritin-D 24 Hour

(10 mg loratadine/240 mg pseudoephedrine sulfate, USP)
Extended Release Tablets

For stuffy nose and other seasonal allergy symptoms

Some people need to be especially careful using CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR. Always take CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR with a full glass of water. Also, the tablets must not be chewed or broken. Check with your healthcare provider before taking CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR if you have high blood pressure; diabetes; heart disease; increased intraocular pressure (eye pressure); thyroid, liver, or kidney problems; enlarged prostate; or if you are pregnant, planning to become pregnant, or nursing a baby. You shouldn't take CLARITIN-D® 24 HOUR with any other antihistamines and decongestants, as too much pseudoephedrine sulfate can cause nervousness, sleeplessness, dizziness, and other related side effects. Please see next page for additional important information. *Available by prescription only.*

Call 1-888-833-0003 for more information and a \$5.00 rebate certificate. Visit www.claritin.com

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CLARITIN-D[®] 24 HOUR brand of loratadine and pseudoephedrine sulfate, USP Extended Release Tablets

BRIEF SUMMARY

(For full Prescribing Information, see package insert.)

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets are indicated for the relief of symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis. CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets should be administered when both the antihistaminic properties of CLARITIN[®] (loratadine) and the nasal decongestant activity of pseudoephedrine sulfate are desired (see CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY section).

CONTRAINDICATIONS: CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets are contraindicated in patients who are hypersensitive to this medication or to any of its ingredients.

This product, due to its pseudoephedrine component, is contraindicated in patients with narrow-angle glaucoma or urinary retention, and in patients receiving monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor therapy or within fourteen (14) days of stopping such treatment. (See PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions section.) It is also contraindicated in patients with severe hypertension, severe coronary artery disease, and in those who have shown hypersensitivity or idiosyncrasy to its components, to adrenergic agents, or to other drugs of similar chemical structures. Manifestations of patient idiosyncrasy to adrenergic agents include insomnia, dizziness, weakness, tremor, or arrhythmias.

WARNINGS: CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets should be used with caution in patients with hypertension, diabetes mellitus, ischemic heart disease, increased intraocular pressure, hyperthyroidism, renal impairment, or prostate hypertrophy. Central nervous system stimulation with convulsions or cardiovascular collapse with accompanying hypotension may be produced by sympathomimetic amines.

Use in Patients Approximately 60 Years of Age and Older: The safety and efficacy of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets in patients greater than 60 years old have not been investigated in placebo-controlled clinical trials. The elderly are more likely to have adverse reactions to sympathomimetic amines.

PRECAUTIONS: General: Because there have been reports of esophageal obstruction and perforation in patients who have taken a previously marketed formulation of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets, it is recommended that patients who have a history of difficulty in swallowing tablets or who have known upper gastrointestinal narrowing or abnormal esophageal peristalsis not use this product. Furthermore, since it is not known whether this formulation of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets has the potential for this adverse event, it is reasonable to recommend that all patients take this product with a full glass of water (see PRECAUTIONS: Information for Patients, ADVERSE REACTIONS, DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). Because the doses of this fixed combination product cannot be individually titrated and hepatic insufficiency results in a reduced clearance of loratadine to a much greater extent than pseudoephedrine, CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets should generally be avoided in patients with hepatic insufficiency. Patients with renal insufficiency (GFR <30 mL/min) should be given a lower initial dose (one tablet every other day) because they have reduced clearance of loratadine and pseudoephedrine.

Information for Patients: Patients taking CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets should receive the following information: CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets are prescribed for the relief of symptoms of seasonal allergic rhinitis. Patients should be instructed to take CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets only as prescribed and not to exceed the prescribed dose. Patients should also be advised against the concurrent use of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets with over-the-counter antihistamines and decongestants. Patients who have a history of difficulty in swallowing tablets or who have known upper gastrointestinal narrowing or abnormal esophageal peristalsis should not use this product.

This product should not be used by patients who are hypersensitive to it or to any of its ingredients. Due to its pseudoephedrine component, this product should not be used by patients with narrow-angle glaucoma, urinary retention, or by patients receiving a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor or within 14 days of stopping use of an MAO inhibitor. It also should not be used by patients with severe hypertension or severe coronary artery disease.

Patients who are or may become pregnant should be told that this product should be used in pregnancy or during lactation only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus or nursing infant.

Patients should be instructed not to break or chew the tablet and to take it with a full glass of water (see PRECAUTIONS: General, ADVERSE REACTIONS, DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

Drug Interactions: No specific interaction studies have been conducted with CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets. However, loratadine (10 mg once daily) has been safely coadministered with therapeutic doses of erythromycin, cimetidine, and ketoconazole in controlled clinical pharmacology studies. Although increased plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of loratadine and/or descarboethoxyloratadine were observed following coadministration of loratadine with each of these drugs in normal volunteers (n = 24 in each study), there were no clinically relevant changes in the safety profile of loratadine as assessed by electrocardiographic parameters, clinical laboratory tests, vital signs, and adverse events. There were no significant effects on QT intervals, and no reports of sedation or syncope. No effects on plasma concentrations of cimetidine or ketoconazole were observed. Plasma concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of erythromycin decreased 15% with coadministration of loratadine relative to that observed with erythromycin alone. The clinical relevance of this difference is unknown. These above findings are summarized in the following table:

Effects on Plasma Concentrations (AUC 0-24 hrs) of Loratadine and Descarboethoxyloratadine After 10 Days of Coadministration (Loratadine 10 mg) in Normal Volunteers

	Loratadine	Descarboethoxyloratadine
Erythromycin (500 mg Q8h)	+ 40%	+ 46%
Cimetidine (300 mg QID)	+ 103%	+ 6%
Ketoconazole (200 mg Q12h)	+ 307%	+ 73%

There does not appear to be an increase in adverse events in subjects who received oral contraceptives and loratadine.

CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets (pseudoephedrine component) are contraindicated in patients taking monoamine oxidase inhibitors and for 2 weeks after stopping use of an MAO inhibitor. The antihypertensive effects of beta-adrenergic blocking agents

methylidopa, mecamylamine, reserpine, and veratrum alkaloids may be reduced by sympathomimetics. Increased ectopic pacemaker activity can occur when pseudoephedrine is used concomitantly with digitals.

Drug/Laboratory Test Interactions: The *in vitro* addition of pseudoephedrine to sera containing the cardiac isoenzyme MB of serum creatinine phosphokinase progressively inhibits the activity of the enzyme. The inhibition becomes complete over 6 hours.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility: There are no animal or laboratory studies on the combination product loratadine and pseudoephedrine sulfate to evaluate carcinogenesis, mutagenesis, or impairment of fertility.

In an 18-month carcinogenicity study in mice and a 2-year study in rats, loratadine was administered in the diet at doses up to 40 mg/kg (mice) and 25 mg/kg (rats). In the carcinogenicity studies pharmacokinetic assessments were carried out to determine animal exposure to the drug. AUC data demonstrated that the exposure of mice given 40 mg/kg of loratadine was 3.8 (loratadine) and 18 (active metabolite) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Exposure of rats given 25 mg/kg of loratadine was 28 (loratadine) and 67 (active metabolite) times higher than in humans given the maximum recommended daily oral dose. Male mice given 40 mg/kg had a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) than concurrent controls. In rats, a significantly higher incidence of hepatocellular tumors (combined adenomas and carcinomas) was observed in males given 10 mg/kg and in males and females given 25 mg/kg. The clinical significance of these findings during long-term use of loratadine is not known.

Two-year feeding studies in mice and rats conducted under the auspices of the National Toxicology Programs (NTP) uncovered no evidence of carcinogenic potential of ephedrine sulfate at doses up to 10 and 27 mg/kg, respectively (approximately 16% and 100% of the maximum recommended human daily oral dose of pseudoephedrine sulfate on a mg/m² basis).

In mutagenicity studies with loratadine alone, there was no evidence of mutagenic potential in reverse (Ames) or forward point mutation (CHO-HGPRT) assays, or in the assay for DNA damage (Rat Primary Hepatocyte Unscheduled DNA Assay) or in two assays for chromosomal aberrations (Human Peripheral Blood Lymphocyte Clastogenesis Assay and the Mouse Bone Marrow Erythrocyte Micronucleus Assay). In the Mouse Lymphoma Assay, a positive finding occurred in the nonactivated but not the activated phase of the study.

Decreased fertility in male rats, shown by lower female conception rates, occurred at 64 mg/kg of loratadine (approximately 50 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose based on mg/m²) and was reversible with cessation of dosing. Loratadine had no effect on male or female fertility or reproduction in the rat at 24 mg/kg (approximately 20 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis).

Pregnancy Category B: The combination product loratadine and pseudoephedrine sulfate was evaluated for teratogenicity in reproduction studies with this combination of the same clinical ratio (1:24) at oral doses up to 150 mg/kg (approximately 5 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis) in rats, and 120 mg/kg (8 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis) in rabbits. Similarly, no evidence of animal teratogenicity in rats and rabbits was reported at oral doses up to 96 mg/kg of loratadine alone (approximately 75 and 150 times, respectively, the maximum human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predictive of human response, CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets should be used during pregnancy only if clearly needed.

Nursing Mothers: It is not known if this combination product is excreted in human milk. However, loratadine when administered alone and its metabolite descarboethoxyloratadine pass easily into breast milk and achieve concentrations that are equivalent to plasma levels, with an AUC_{0-24h}/AUC_{0-24h} ratio of 1.17 and 0.85 for the parent and active metabolite, respectively. Following a single oral dose of 40 mg, a small amount of loratadine and metabolite was excreted into the breast milk (approximately 0.03% of 40 mg over 48 hours). Pseudoephedrine administered alone also distributes into breast milk of the lactating human female. Pseudoephedrine concentrations in milk are consistently higher than those in plasma. The total amount of drug in milk as judged by the area under the curve (AUC) is 2 to 3 times greater than in plasma. The fraction of a pseudoephedrine dose excreted in milk is estimated to be 0.4% to 0.7%. A decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or to discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. Caution should be exercised when CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets are administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: Safety and effectiveness in children below the age of 12 years have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: Information on adverse reactions is provided from placebo-controlled studies involving over 2000 patients, 605 of whom received CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets once daily for up to 2 weeks. In these studies, the incidence of adverse events reported with CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets was similar to those reported with twice-daily (q12h) 120 mg sustained-release pseudoephedrine alone.

REPORTED ADVERSE EVENTS WITH AN INCIDENCE OF >2% IN CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR EXTENDED RELEASE TABLETS TREATMENT GROUP IN DOUBLE-BLIND, RANDOMIZED, PLACEBO-CONTROLLED CLINICAL TRIALS

	Percent of Patients Reporting	Pseudo- ephedrine	Placebo	
CLARITIN-D [®] 24 HOUR (n = 605)	Loratadine (n = 449)	120 mg q12h (n = 220)	Placebo (n = 605)	
Dry Mouth	8	2	7	2
Somnolence	6	4	5	4
Insomnia	5	1	9	1
Pharyngitis	5	5	5	5
Dizziness	4	2	3	2
Coughing	3	2	3	1
Fatigue	3	4	1	2
Nausea	3	2	4	2
Nervousness	3	1	4	1
Anorexia	2	<1	2	0
Dysmenorrhea	2	2	2	1

Adverse events occurring in greater than or equal to 2% of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets-treated patients, but that were more common in the placebo-treated group, include headache.

Adverse events did not appear to significantly differ based on age, sex, or race, although the number of non-whites was relatively small.

In addition to those adverse events reported above, the following adverse events have been reported in fewer than 2% of patients who received CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets:

Autonomic Nervous System: Altered lacrimation, flushing, increased sweating, mydriasis, thirst.

Body As A Whole: Abnormal vision, asthenia, back pain, chest pain, conjunctivitis, earache, eye pain, facial edema, fever, flu-like symptoms, leg cramps, lymphadenopathy, malaise, rigors, tinnitus.

Cardiovascular System: Hypertension, palpitation, tachycardia.

Central and Peripheral Nervous System: Convulsions, dysphonia, hyperkinesia, hypertension, migraine, paresthesia, tremor.

Gastrointestinal System: Abdominal distension, altered taste, constipation, diarrhea, dyspepsia, flatulence, gastritis, stomatitis, tongue ulceration, toothache, vomiting.

Liver and Biliary System: Cholelithiasis.

Musculoskeletal System: Arthralgia, musculoskeletal pain, myalgia, tendinitis.

Psychiatric: Agitation, depression, emotional lability, irritability.

Reproductive System: Vaginitis.

Resistance Mechanism: Abscess, viral infection.

Respiratory System: Bronchospasm, dyspnea, epistaxis, hemoptysis, nasal congestion, nasal irritation, pleurisy, pneumonia, sinusitis, sputum increased, wheezing.

Skin and Appendages: Acne, pruritus.

Urinary System: Oliguria, micturition frequency, urinary retention, urinary tract infection.

Additional adverse events reported with the combination of loratadine and pseudoephedrine include abnormal hepatic function, aggressive reaction, anxiety, apathy, confusion, euphoria, paroxysma, postural hypotension, syncope, urticaria, vertigo, weight gain.

The following additional adverse events have been reported with CLARITIN Tablets: abdominal distress, alopecia, altered micturition, altered salivation, amnesia, anaphylaxis, angioneurotic edema, blepharospasm, breast enlargement, breast pain, bronchitis, decreased libido, dermatitis, dry hair, dry skin, erythema multiforme, hypoesthesia, impaired concentration, impotence, increased appetite, laryngitis, menorrhagia, nasal dryness, peripheral edema, photosensitivity reaction, purpura, rash, seizures, sneezing, supraventricular tachyarrhythmias, upper respiratory infection, urinary discoloration.

Pseudoephedrine may cause mild CNS stimulation in hypersensitive patients. Nervousness, excitability, restlessness, dizziness, weakness, or insomnia may occur. Headache, drowsiness, tachycardia, palpitation, pressor activity, and cardiac arrhythmias have been reported. Sympathomimetic drugs have also been associated with other untoward effects, such as fear, anxiety, tenseness, tremor, hallucinations, seizures, pallor, respiratory difficulty, dysuria, and cardiovascular collapse.

There have been postmarketing reports of mechanical upper gastrointestinal tract obstruction and esophageal perforation in patients taking a previously marketed formulation of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets. In some, but not all, of these cases, patients have had known upper gastrointestinal narrowing or abnormal esophageal peristalsis. It is not known whether this reformulation of CLARITIN-D 24 HOUR Extended Release Tablets has the potential for this adverse event (see PRECAUTIONS, DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION).

OVERDOSAGE: In the event of overdosage, general symptomatic and supportive measures should be instituted promptly and maintained for as long as necessary. Treatment of overdosage would reasonably consist of emesis (ipecac syrup), except in patients with impaired consciousness, followed by the administration of activated charcoal to absorb any remaining drug. If vomiting is unsuccessful, or contraindicated, gastric lavage should be performed with normal saline. Saline cathartics may also be of value for rapid dilution of bowel contents. Loratadine is not eliminated by hemodialysis. It is not known if loratadine is eliminated by peritoneal dialysis.

Somnolence, tachycardia, and headache have been reported with doses of 40 to 180 mg of loratadine. In large doses, sympathomimetics may give rise to giddiness, headache, nausea, vomiting, sweating, thirst, tachycardia, precordial pain, palpitations, difficulty in micturition, muscular weakness and tenseness, anxiety, restlessness, and insomnia. Many patients can present a toxic psychosis with delusions and hallucinations. Some may develop cardiac arrhythmias, circulatory collapse, convulsions, coma, and respiratory failure.

The oral median lethal dose for the mixture of the two drugs was greater than 525 and 1839 mg/kg in mice and rats, respectively (approximately 10 and 58 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). The oral median lethal dose for loratadine was greater than 5000 mg/kg in rats and mice (greater than 2000 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis). Single oral doses of loratadine showed no effects in rats, mice, and monkeys at doses as high as 10 times the maximum recommended human daily oral dose on a mg/m² basis.

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ROBBIE McCLELLAN—TIME
Police Chief Mel Brown averts his gaze when the card-toting citizens around him light a joint

mer's revolt against federal liquor taxes.

In Arcata, however, where 74% of voters approved the state's marijuana measure, Chief Brown considers his policy one of common sense. "Out of self-preservation," he says, he set up his own system. Now about 100 local residents have sat for mug shots, agreed to let Brown talk to their physicians, and walked away with a "City of Arcata Proposition 215 Identification Card." Flash it as you are toking up and you won't be arrested, unless you've got more than 10 marijuana plants—a limit imposed to distinguish users from illegal dealers.

Other jurisdictions, including Mendocino County, plan to follow Arcata's example, and a task force appointed by Bill Lockyer, California's new attorney general, is looking at Arcata as a possible statewide model. Although other communities might be less mellow about the idea, no dissenters showed up at public hearings when Arcata's city council—composed of two Green Party members, a Libertarian and two Democrats—approved Brown's ID system. That's to be expected, perhaps, in a town that has declared itself a "Nuclear Weapons Free Zone"; that in 1991 passed a resolution—albeit quickly rescinded—offering sanctuary to Persian Gulf War resisters; and where students from Humboldt State University hold an annual Hempfest, promoting a nonpsychoactive form of cannabis for use in clothing, paper and food.

"My Mexican-American aunties used marijuana poultices for their arthritis," says Arcata Mayor Bob Ornelas, a ponytailed electrician. Ornelas boasts of running marathon races while high on the weed but insists, "I don't get stoned that much."

A M E R I C A N S C E N E

Margot Hornblower/Arcata

Here's My Marijuana Card, Officer

In the capital of legal pot, you don't need much of an excuse

IT IS NOT THAT MEL BROWN, police chief of this tie-dye-and-tofu town, set out to flout federal law. But here he is, a 53-year-old father of two who has never inhaled, issuing laminated and embossed get-out-of-jail-free cards for partakers of the infamous Humboldt bud, a potent local variety of marijuana. "You can photograph me," he tells a reporter genially, "but not reclining on a bearskin rug and smoking a joint."

Arcata (pop. 16,000) lies in the heart of the Emerald Triangle, the three lush California counties of Humboldt, Mendocino and Trinity, 275 miles north of San Francisco as the spotted owl flies. In the '80s, capitalist hippies defended their marijuana plantations here with booby traps and shotguns. George Bush sent in U.S. Army troops to battle the domestic druglords. And even now, early fall is signaled less by migrating geese than by helicopters swooping over redwood forests and dropping

camouflaged, machete-wielding agents into any telltale patch of sparkling green. Last year state and local officials eradicated 136,957 plants, many 10 ft. tall, with a wholesale value of \$450 million.

But what's a conscientious cop to do when California voters pass a ballot measure legalizing the cultivation and possession of marijuana for medicinal purposes? And when all it takes to prove need is the approval, written or oral, of a friendly doctor? And when not just patients with AIDS, cancer and multiple sclerosis are clamoring for the drug but also people with backaches, stress and drinking problems? One arrested planter told sheriff's deputies he was suffering from an ingrown toenail, an excuse that did not impress them. Lucy Mae Tuck, a volunteer who edits the newsletter at the Humboldt Cannabis Center, a co-op that grows the drug for medicinal use, has a physician's certificate to treat her hot flashes with the weed.

Since Prop. 215 passed more than two years ago, says Police Chief Brown, "everyone we try to arrest has a recommendation from Dr. Feelgood."

Though six states—Alaska, Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington—have voted to legalize medicinal marijuana, federal law still requires them to prosecute any wheelchair-bound granny smoking a bong. But they aren't doing so, and that has federal drug czar Barry McCaffrey muttering about a new "Whiskey Rebellion," the unsuccessful 1794 far-



Arcata's ID card allows its holder to use medical marijuana

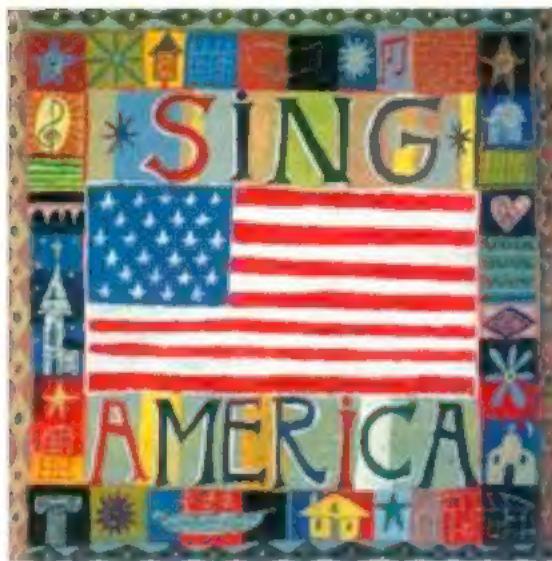
"Everyone has a recommendation from Dr. Feelgood."

—ARCATA POLICE CHIEF MEL BROWN

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a national effort led by First Lady
Hillary Rodham Clinton to protect America's
threatened historic landmarks,
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SAVE AMERICA'S TREASURES
NATIONAL TRUST FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION

TO OUR READERS

Our Investigative Daughters

I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS INVOLVED IN "TAKE OUR DAUGHTER TO WORK DAY." NOT ONLY am I male, and therefore perhaps not the most inspiring example, but I'm also not usually the first person mothers ask to take care of their prepubescent girls. The only logical explanation as to why I was given some of the girls to chaperone is that I know one of the women who is in charge of the program. These are the kinds of powerful connections I've made since I started working at TIME.

Because I work for a company larger than most nation-states, the girls were given a full schedule of speakers, activities and meetings—generally a more packed workday than I've ever had. First we took on an assignment to put together an actual printed magazine in three hours; my group had to photograph, report and write a story about the TIME art department. My reporting team, ages 9 and 10, was shockingly smart, culturally aware, energetic and uninhibited. By this I mean that when we went to interview a page designer about her job, the girls, poised for a lucrative future in celebrity journalism, immediately asked the following questions: "Are you married? Do you have a boyfriend? Are you engaged? Are you dating? Do you like Joel?" These, oddly enough, are the same questions I ask when I interview people.

Then the designer explained what she did. About one and a half sentences in, one girl asked, "Do you just put funny drawings on the page? You know, how the *New Yorker* has those?" These were not the kind of girls who needed to be exposed to a work environment.

It was the work environment that needed to be exposed to them. They had an energy and excitement I hadn't seen in a while. And even though they were in a new world with insane expectations thrown at them from a scary bureaucracy, they ran into people's offices with their little press passes completely fearlessly. If anyone was scared, it was that designer who couldn't adequately explain why she had no boyfriend.

They fit into the work atmosphere incredibly well, although none of my editors has ever rechristened me "Ookie-Bookie Stein" and told me I look like Jar Jar, an alien from the new *Star Wars* film. But basically it was very professional. At the end of the morning, as we were writing our story on the tale of the lonely designer, my boss, managing editor Walter Isaacson, walked by my office. "I just wanted to make sure my daughter wasn't in your group," he told me. "I didn't want you to teach her how to write." This is not what you want to hear from your boss. I told the girls he meant that because my style is so complex, it would be confusing to them. They weren't buying it.

Bored with their story after the first 100 words, they focused on a picture of my girlfriend tacked on my bulletin board. They demanded to call her, which I foolishly allowed them to do. "You should marry him," they shouted into the speakerphone, many, many times. I used this opportunity to deliver a lecture to everyone involved about independence and feminism. Again, no one was buying.

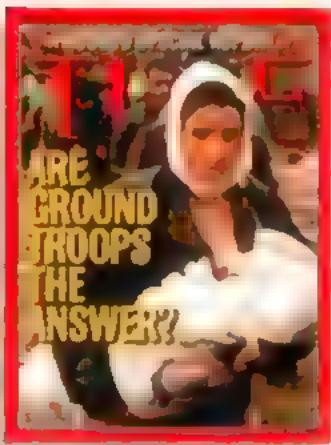
Despite all the diversions, they were able to produce a truly impressive publication before eating pizza and spending the rest of the day with the business side. I, on the other hand, took a nap. Very soon, I realized, one of these girls could get my job. I'm guessing it'll be Walter's daughter.

Joel Stein, Writer-Reporter and Temporary Teacher



DAUGHTERS OF TIME: Some of the Take-Our-Daughters-to-Work-Day crew (and a chaperone) pose before diligently interrogating the staff

LETTERS



Terrain of Terror

"Ground troops are not the answer. There is no way in hell to save this ill-conceived operation except to withdraw in shame now."

ULRICH H. RUDOFSKY
Delmar, N.Y.

THE MURDEROUS ACTIONS OF THE SERB nationalists in Kosovo pose a threat to all Europe [Kosovo Crisis, April 12]. If we do not act, Montenegro, Macedonia and Albania will be the next targets, leaving Europe with the same radical nationalism but on a larger scale. It is imperative that we neutralize Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic and his nationalist henchmen as quickly as possible. Again and again, we have witnessed the pattern of Milosevic's talking peace while readying forces for another assault against innocents. Attempts to negotiate only help the cause of Serb nationalism.

WALTER G. AIELLO
Durham, N.C.

I CAN'T BELIEVE ANYONE IS CRAZY ENOUGH to advocate the use of NATO ground troops to push the Serb military out of Kosovo. This sort of thinking demonstrates that we haven't learned a thing from Vietnam, Somalia and a hundred other similar situations. Superior firepower has created an illusion in the American mind that warfare can be swift, efficient and relatively bloodless. Fighting the Serbs on the terrain of Kosovo will be bloody, ugly and long lasting. If the politicians are so gung-ho to sacrifice our sons and daughters, let them be the first ones on the battlefield.

GREG SAMSON
Clinton Township, Mich.

USING GROUND TROOPS ISN'T THE ANSWER. It isn't even the question. NATO's problem is not which means to use, it is a confusion of purpose. There will be no durable solution in Kosovo or elsewhere in the Balkans while Serbia's regional self-assertion persists undiminished. Asked how he would prevent a resurgent Germany from seeking once again to dominate Europe, Charles de Gaulle answered simply, "By war." The conclusion applies equally well to Serbia.

RICHARD HART SINNREICH
Lawton, Okla.

MILOSEVIC THINKS A BIG SERBIAN NATION containing only Serbs will make the people stronger, but it will only make them weaker. The way for a nation's people to keep strong and vibrant is to live and interact with different human beings.

BOB ELKJER
San Rafael, Calif.

IN PERSONAL CONFRONTATIONS, TURNING the other cheek can sometimes, although rarely, defuse violence. But not in war. Without Charles Martel's victory over the Muslims at Poitiers in 732, Western civilization might never have existed. Without Charlemagne's tireless campaigning, we would never have thought of a united Europe. War will stop only when a continual state of nationalistic flux ends. Peace will not be brought by a return to religion, for it has been at the heart of more wars than secular causes.

JAMES SCOFIELD
Olympia, Wash.

AS A HOLOCAUST SURVIVOR, I CERTAINLY understand the real meaning of "ethnic cleansing." I know from personal experience what it is to be a refugee and how it feels when bombs fall. I am convinced that the NATO war against Serbia is terribly wrong. It is a mistake to take sides in a civil conflict that we do not understand. It is wrong to attack a sovereign country that does not threaten us. It is wrong to impose moral values on others while we have none. It is wrong to take actions that make the situation worse.

MIKLOS N. SZILAGYI
Tucson, Ariz.

THE SERBS HAVE SLAUGHTERED HUNDREDS and burned villages. Russia's Yevgeni Primakov and Milosevic have hugged and laughed, and President Clinton has played golf. What a sick situation! If ground troops become involved, it will be even sicker.

VINCENT CORBETT
Morrison, Colo.

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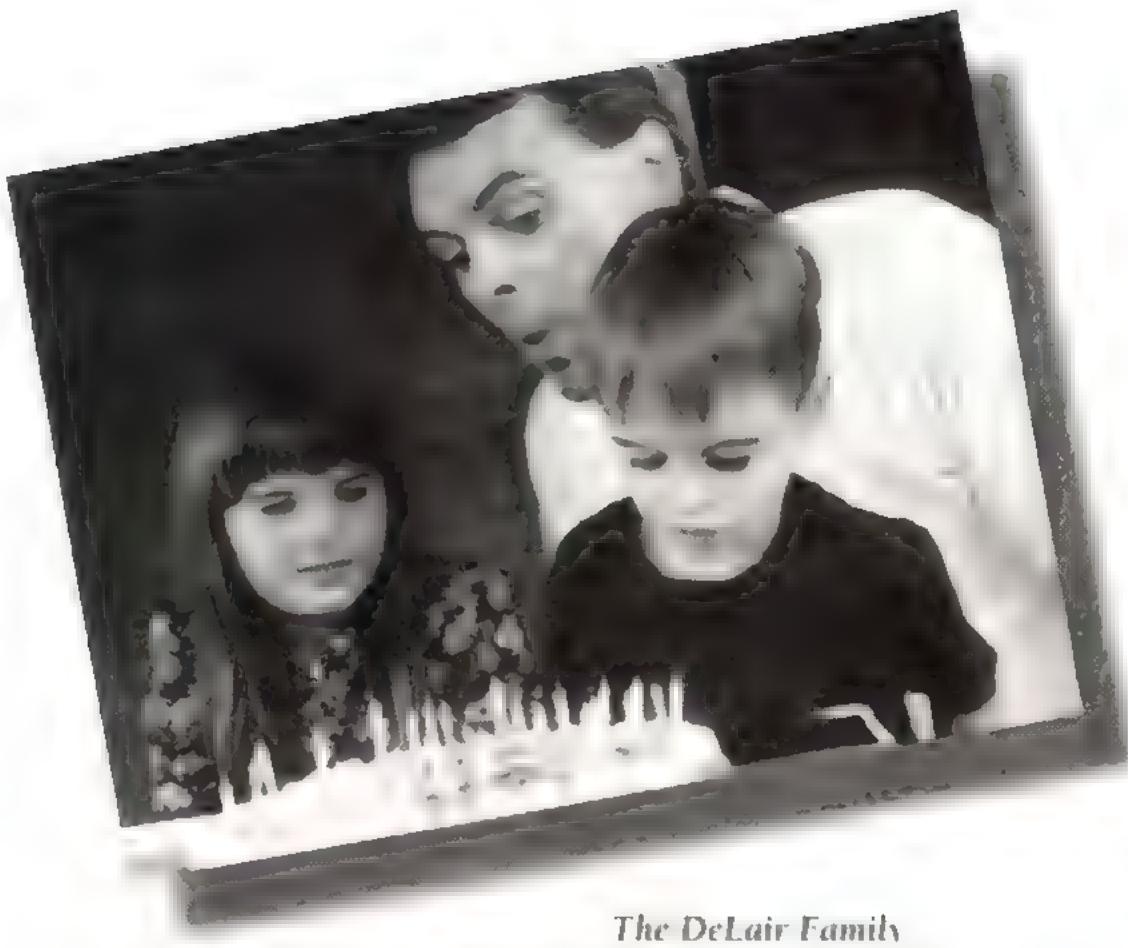
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The DeLair Family
Irish, Kevin, Jen & Jon Jon
*The family that played and stayed together,
were killed by a drunk driver together*
June 6, 1992, Butler, PA



If you don't stop someone from driving drunk, who will? Do whatever it takes.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

John McCain's Kosovo Policy

WE SHOULD PAY HEED TO SENATOR JOHN McCain's strategy: bringing the full weight of American air power to bear and making preparations to use ground forces in Kosovo [VIEWPOINT, April 12]. National debate should no longer focus on whether the U.S. has an interest in the Balkans; this decision was made years ago. Rather, the U.S. should address Slobodan Milosevic with resolve, not only to protect the Kosovars but also to retain credibility. Senator McCain is correct to assert that a failure to act decisively undermines U.S. credibility and opens the door to aggressive regimes.

JOHN GAVENONIS
Berkeley, Calif.

THE IMAGE OF WAR



Dozens of readers wrote to TIME to tell us they were offended by our cover photograph of an Albanian refugee mother nursing her baby (April 12). They felt the exposed breast was a "cheap shot" and claimed the picture exploited the unfortunate woman. But we also heard from several readers who praised the choice and were moved by the picture. Angela Quinlan of Overland Park, Kans., who is nursing her own child, wrote, "The struggle and pain of these people never hit home until I imagined what it must be like to try to rear and nurture any child while in the throes of a war." TIME managing editor Walter Isaacson explained our selection: "We felt it was an emotional and sensitive portrayal of the human stakes involved. It powerfully conveys the tragedy and the struggle for survival. We took care to choose a picture that was beautiful in its poignancy. We can understand the mixed reaction that the photo drew, because it was gut wrenching and even brought tears to some of our eyes, but it was also inspiring. It will be an iconic image of this war."

AS A VETERAN OF THE VIETNAM QUAGMIRE, McCain should know his subject. He is perhaps the only man in Washington who has spoken on the issue of Kosovo and the bombing with any semblance of authority and reason.

ANDREW J. FAIR
Austin, Texas

The Moral Debts of History

ROGER ROSENBLATT IS RIGHT: THERE CAN be no justice, including financial payments, to compensate for the Holocaust [ESSAY, April 12]. But how can one live with the hopeless assertion that here "injustice prevails"? If we confine the forces of good and evil to this world alone, evil will always win.

SUSAN P. KEMPLE
Southern Pines, N.C.

IT'S HER TURN, AGAIN

Anyone who remembers actress JILL Clayburgh's past film roles as a liberated divorcee will be eager to see her in the NBC sitcom *Everything's Relative* [SHORT TAKES, April 12]. It's interesting to recall the Clayburgh performance we described in our review of *An Unmarried Woman*, in which she played Erica, a 37-year-old whose husband suddenly leaves her for a younger woman [March 6, 1978]:

"The film's most sustained triumph belongs to Clayburgh. Erica is the role this gifted actress has deserved for

years ... She swings gracefully from mood to mood—from hostile confrontations to hysterical shrink sessions to intimate and comic romantic interludes. She even dances a daffy *Swan Lake* in her T shirt and panties ... [But] for a time Clayburgh considered giving up acting altogether. 'I always thought every job could be my last,' she says. 'I guess I still do sometimes.' She turns down most of the scripts she receives, chews her fingernails and jogs five miles a day. 'It's an incredible high when you hit your third wind,' she says. In a sense she is summing up her career. After years of just running around, Clayburgh has hit her third wind and is flying high."



LOUIS GOLDMAN

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Tearful but triumphant, Fred Lebow crosses the finish line of the NYC Marathon with Grete Waitz in 1992. Weak from his battle with cancer, Fred struggled but finished in 5:32:34. "Running the marathon is the best way I know to fight this disease," he said.

Join **Fred's Team** and make a lifesaving difference in the race against cancer!

Fred Lebow passed away in 1994, but he left a legacy of hope. As founder and director of the NYC Marathon*, he helped raise millions for cancer research. Now you are invited to follow in his footsteps ...

Fred's Team was created in honor of Fred Lebow by the New York Road Runners Club and Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, the institution where Fred received the care that extended his life.

As a member, you run a marathon and raise funds to support cancer research at Memorial Sloan-Kettering. In return, you'll get a number of exclusive benefits, including personal training tips from Coach Grete Waitz ... airfare* ... hotel accommodations ... team uniform ... team party ... and more. Plus, the camaraderie and adventure of being on this elite team with a lifesaving mission!

Join us today by signing up for one of the following races:

Paris Marathon — 4/99

Reykjavik, Iceland Marathon — 8/99

Dublin Marathon — 10/99

New York City Marathon* — 11/99

*Airfare to NY not included. Also you must register for NYC Marathon.

New Zealand New Millennium Marathon & 10k — 1/1/00

Call Team Director Sue Shay at 800 876-7522

e-mail: SHAYS@mskcc.org

Check out our website at

<http://www.mskcc.org/document/SMFRDTM.htm>



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Compaq Computer Company is a proud sponsor of Fred's Team



SOME MORAL DEBTS TO HISTORY SHOULD not be canceled. Material amends may be part of symbolic amends, but the goal of the "tally" should not be to reach zero indebtedness but to affirm it.

HOWARD F. STEIN
Oklahoma City

WE MAY NEVER AGAIN EXPERIENCE A horrible event such as the Nazi Holocaust, but there have been many events in history that were truly horrible, and we should learn from them. Now is the time to focus, not on what has happened, but on what is happening and how we can implement change.

JOHN O'BRIEN
Toms River, N.J.

Scarred for Life

AS A 37-YEAR-OLD SURVIVOR OF ADVANCED breast cancer, I find it difficult to muster any sympathy for Joanne Motichka [MEDICINE, April 12]. First she chooses to have a mastectomy, then she gets rich

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



Don't miss this hour-long newsmagazine show on Sundays and Mondays. On May 2, Pope John Paul II will beatify the Catholic monk Padre Pio, who died in 1968. He was famous as the only priest in history to bear the stigmata, or wounds of Christ. The Vatican credits him with a bona fide miracle. On CNN May 2 and 3 at 8 p.m. (E.T.)



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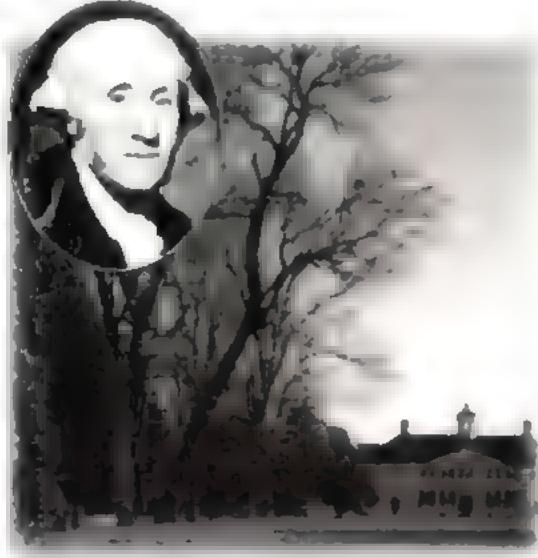


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from the pictures of her scarred chest, and finally she sues the physician who probably saved her life. What would she have done if he had given her a lumpectomy and then she had suffered a recurrence? Losing my breast was a sad experience, but I have learned that my breast was not the focus of my femininity and sexual appeal. I am now a precious woman for having courageously battled cancer.

CYNTHIA S. RIEDEL
Richfield, Minn.

I WAS STUNNED TO READ THAT MOTICHKA sued her surgeon. The surgeon's recommendation was based on his interpretation of the research and information at the time of her diagnosis. But the ultimate decision was hers. This case did not belong in a courtroom. Whom will she sue if (God forbid) she ever has a recurrence of cancer?

LISA E. CAPLAN
North Miami Beach, Fla.

THE NEXT MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH that I wish for is a greed detector. It would enable dedicated doctors to treat only patients who appreciate them. The greedy can be referred to their lawyers for delicate surgery.

DAVID A. BEYERS
Nassau Bay, Texas

For Thin Models Only

THE "NEXT WAVE" IN FASHION SO VIVIDLY displayed in your report on young designers [FASHION, April 12] won't find me waving back. As long as fashion designers make bizarre, impractical clothes for 5-ft. 10-in. anorexic models and ignore a 5-ft. housewife who is nowhere near a size 10, I won't buy.

ELIZABETH FIFIELSKI
San Marcos, Calif.

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TIME WARNER

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY/ANP/CORBIS

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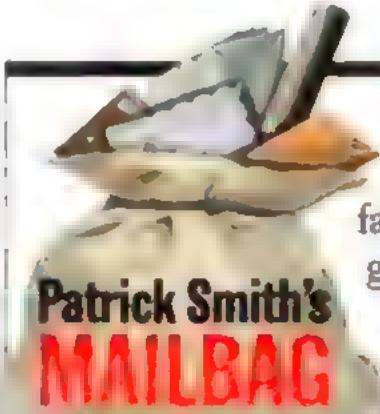
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91TKAB



WHAT'S UP IN THE MAIL ROOM? THE MAIL, FOR ONE thing: our letter writers are setting a torrid pace so far this year. The first-quarter total was an eye-glazing 18,806 letters, e-mails and faxes (and yes, we read every blessed one of them, and some of them twice). For you real numbers junkies, that's 8% more than what we bagged this time last year.

► **SCANDALS HAVE THEIR GOOD POINTS:** At least from a letters-count perspective. The more President Clinton got into hot water and the more Kenneth Starr investigated, the more readers wanted to sound off. Monicagate was a major factor in the volume of mail we got this year and last. Here's a comparison of each year's Top Four letter-getting cover stories through March.

FIRST QUARTER '99

Men of the Year, Clinton & Starr Dec. 28/Jan. 4, 1,510
Review of Clinton Scandal Feb. 22, 927
Monica Lewinsky March 15, 827
Millennium Madness Jan. 18, 731

FIRST QUARTER '98

Monica and Bill Feb. 2, 2,327
TIME at 75 March 9, 851
Kenneth Starr Feb. 9, 770
Paula Jones March 23, 620

► **ODD REQUEST:** "Who were the last 50 of TIME's Men of the Year? More specifically, who among them was bald?" Perhaps this reader's question means we should be prepared for a very specialized achievers list: the Top Chrome Domes of the Century. Although we would not be very comfortable flatly asserting that the following Men of the Year were bald, it would be safe to say they were balding or, better yet, follicularly challenged: Gandhi, Churchill, Eisenhower, Truman, Mossadegh, Khrushchev, Pope John XXIII, Sadat, Gorbachev, De Klerk and Pope John Paul II.



Best Opening Lines of Recent Letters

- "I have retired and now have e-mail, and so I am let loose upon the world."
"This e-mail is in response to a specific issue that we cannot recall."
"As you've probably guessed, I am a very strange person."

When our covers pose a provocative question, readers are only too happy to supply answers—by the ton, as these totals attest.

1. Is God Dead? April 8, 1966	3,430
2. Who Was Jesus? Aug. 15, 1988	2,121
3. Is Feminism Dead? June 29, 1998	2,004
4. Whose America? July 8, 1991	787
5. Is Freud Dead? Nov. 29, 1993	685



VERBATIM

"I don't want my community ... to be remembered forever as the place where that terrible tragedy occurred ... I want it to be remembered as the place where we started to change."

DAVE THOMAS,
Jefferson County D.A. and parent, on the shootings in Littleton, Colo.

"Something ... is fundamentally wrong at the core of this country that did not exist when we were a much poorer country."

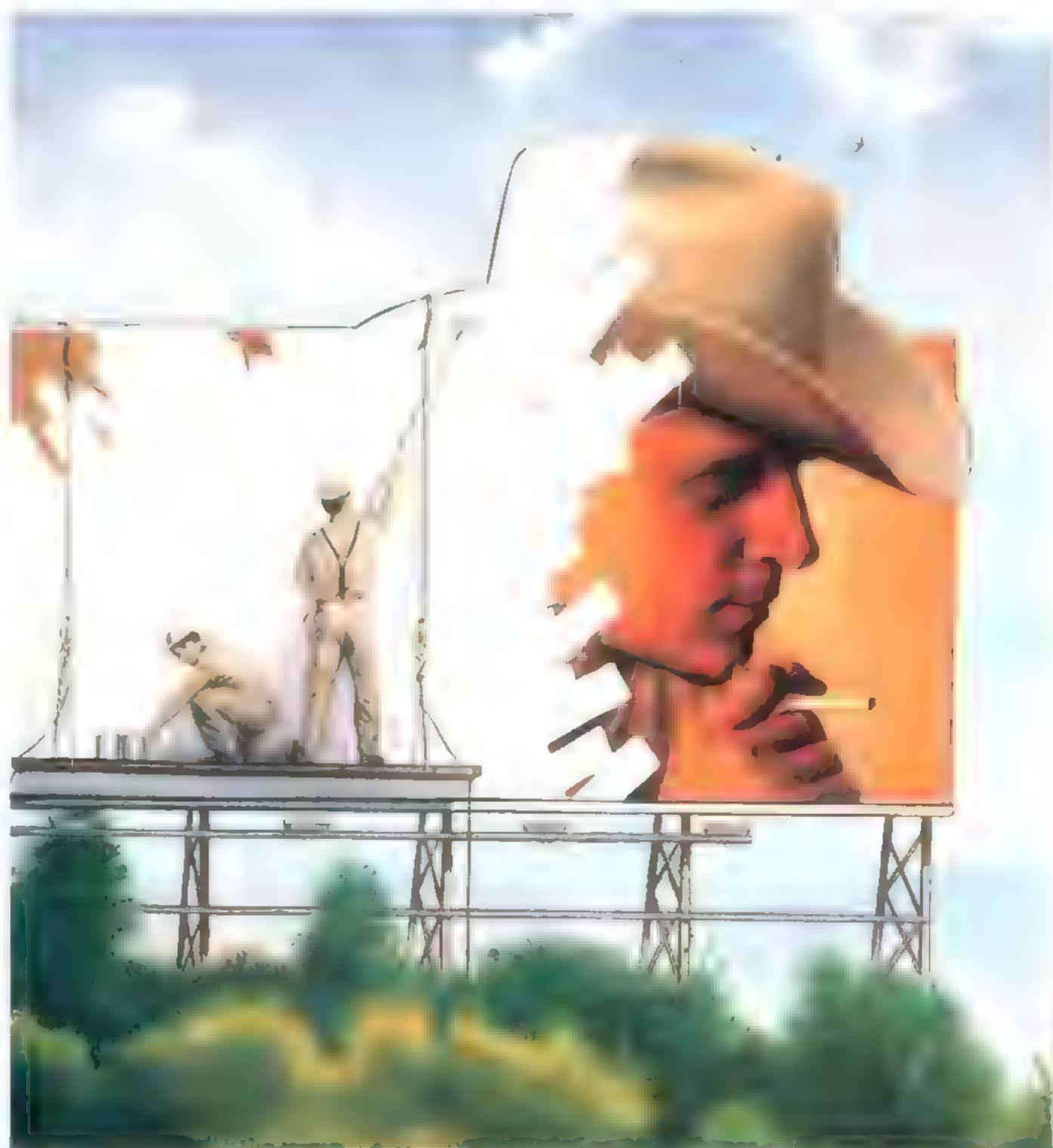
PAT BUCHANAN,
presidential candidate

"I hope that we don't try to use this as an excuse to go and take away guns."

DAN QUAYLE,
presidential candidate

"Then the guy in the trench coat came down the stairs and shot the guy in the back ... He was just casually walking. He wasn't in any hurry."

WADE FRANK,
a student at Columbine High



BUTT OUT, COWBOY The Marlboro Man joined Joe Camel last week in the ranks of now shamed commercial icons when thousands of billboard ads were torn down as part of a \$206 billion tobacco settlement. So long, Puff Granddaddy!

WEEKENDER STARS & POSTERS

**JOHN McCAIN**

His boxing-reform bill got Muhammad Ali's support. That's even better than Russ Feingold's!

BILL BRADLEY

Catching up in polls and funds to front-running Gore. Still neck-and-neck in charisma

ROSEANNE

Despite poor ratings, her show gets renewed. Oh, goody. More shots of her butt tattoo

**BORIS YELTSIN**

In a step toward impeachment, parliament votes to keep prosecutor. Ain't democracy fun?

THE SEVEN SISTERS

Elite cadre of schools down to six as Radcliffe agrees to merge fully into Harvard

N.R.A.

Cutting back to "essential" events in upcoming Denver conference. Like disbanding?

HISTORY

Rauchen Sie Nicht! Hitler's Smoke Screech

THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU LAST week's blitzkrieg of antismoking billboards may have an unlikely forebear: **ADOLF HITLER**. In his forthcoming *The Nazi War on Cancer* (Princeton University Press), Penn State history professor **ROBERT N. PROCTOR** suggests that Nazi researchers were the first to recognize the connection between cancer and cigarettes. The prevailing view was that British and American scientists established the lung-cancer link during the early 1950s. In fact,



Nazi propaganda: "You don't smoke it—it smokes you!" Signed the Chain Smoker"

says Proctor, "the Nazis conducted world-class studies in this field." But their findings, because of the abhorrent medical

practices used by the regime, were ignored. Hitler, a teetotaling vegetarian, believed healthy living advanced the master race; Jews, Gypsies and smokers soiled the purity of the nation. The Führer even boasted that his kicking the habit in 1919 helped bring about the "salvation of the German people." Hence the Allies saw the Third Reich's campaign against smoking as the product of fascism, not science. "It is still taboo to say anything positive about Nazi research," says Proctor, whose earlier work exposed the unspeakable acts of doctor-torturers like Josef Mengele. Meanwhile, the Nazis themselves continued to supply tobacco to their troops.

—By David Spitz/New York

ESPIONAGE

The FBI and Los Alamos' Mysterious Mrs. Lee

JUST AS FBI COUNTERESPIONAGE AGENTS were drawing a bead on Los Alamos nuclear-weapons scientist Wen Ho Lee, the files disgorged a curious fact: Lee's wife Sylvia had been an FBI "informational asset" at the very time Lee was suspected of passing classified warhead data to the People's Republic of China.

From 1985 to 1991, according to well-informed sources, Sylvia Lee, a native Chinese speaker who held a support-staff job at the Los Alamos National Laboratory, reported to



Inside Los Alamos National Laboratory

FBI agents about visiting delegations of PRC scientists. She was not an "operational asset," jargon for paid informant, sources say, but a volunteer who passed along what she heard and saw at social confabs arranged for foreign visitors. Senior counterintelligence hands didn't consider her reports particularly useful. In 1991, after her agent contact retired and she moved to a job that provided little access to foreign visitors, the Albuquerque, N.M., field office dropped her as a source.

Mrs. Lee's modest relationship with the FBI complicates the already murky case of her husband. Wen Ho Lee, a Taiwanese-born computer scientist who worked on nuclear-warhead design programs at Los Alamos.



Wen Ho Lee

In 1995 U.S. intelligence officers learned that China had somehow stolen classified information about the W-88 miniaturized nuclear-warhead program. The ensuing

FBI investigation found Wen Ho Lee had violated a number of lab security rules, including failing to report contacts with PRC scientists—lapses for which Department of Energy Secretary Bill Richardson fired him last month.

So far, the FBI has not been able to find any evidence that Lee spied for China. But if he is ever charged, his lawyers (who aren't commenting for the record) could be expected to argue that the case has been undercut by his wife's part-time work on the FBI's behalf.

—By Elaine Shannon and Michael Duffy/Washington

THE DRAWING ROOM BOARD

THE STAR WARS PREQUEL "THE PHANTOM MENACE" BOASTS OF A CAST OF THOUSANDS! BUT, NOT EVERY NEW CHARACTER MADE IT ONTO THE SCREEN! HERE ARE A FEW THAT WERE LEFT ON THE EDITING ROOM FLOOR...





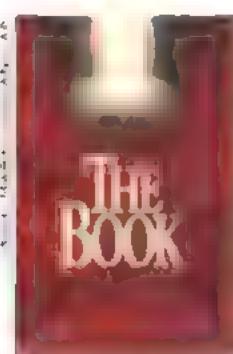
You think ruby red is a dainty color?
Feel these bones, pals.

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GRAPEFRUIT
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It's time to kick-start your day. New Tropicana Pure Premium Ruby Red Grapefruit Calcium juice has more calcium than a glass of milk. It's perfect.

His Way, Your Way



IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE word, but these days it doesn't seem to be enough. Hot on the news that Pat Robertson and pals are embarking on a three-year, \$7 million advertising blitz for a modern translation of the Bible called *The Book* comes word that Johnny Cash recorded more than 400 scripture passages for a handheld electronic Bible. Makers of the Good Book have discovered niche marketing and it is good. There are Bibles for women, recovering addicts, children and Promise Keepers. There are Bibles with such names as *The Rock* and *WWJD* (What Would Jesus Do?). There are even Bibles for the hip: slim volumes of individual books with introductions by non-religious figures like singer Nick Cave, writer Will Self and biologist Steven Rose, who explains helpfully in his introduction to *Genesis* that it pretty much sounds like hooey to him. Seek and ye shall find ...



ADVANCES IN SCIENCES



JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR The Merck Manual has long been an important physician's reference book. The 1899 manual, though, rereleased as a companion to its new centennial edition, makes one wonder what folks will think of our medical practices in 100 years. Some of the alarming advice: for alcoholism, slowly suck an orange. For an earache, pour "hot as it can be borne" water in the ear. Drink a cup of coffee to help combat insomnia, and administer electric shocks to cut short a hysteria attack. Bleeding from a jugular vein will help with acute bronchitis, and morphine suppositories can alleviate vomiting during pregnancy. And for acne? Arsenic, of course.

ADVANCES IN OPERA



ELTON JOHN / TIM RICE

NO FAT LADIES, EITHER Disney recently asked Elton John and Tim Rice to update *Aida*, the opera about an Egyptian's doomed love for an Ethiopian slave. They did more than just lighten the tone. While Verdi has Egyptians making garlands for soldiers, John and Rice have the Spice Girls singing about panties.

"Weave the lotus and the laurel/ into a crown for the victors!
Let a soft cloud of flowers/ veil the steel of their arms."
"Overwear, underwear, anytime, anywhere ...
That in negligee or formal/ I am anything but normal
That dress has always been my strongest suit."

MIDDLE EAST NEWS



DIED. ELIZABETH ("LIZ") TILBERIS. 51, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*; of ovarian cancer; in New York City. After rising from intern to editor in chief of *British Vogue*, the Manchester-born Tilberis took the helm at Hearst's *Harper's Bazaar* in 1992. She quickly turned the sluggish magazine into an important arbiter of style. Known for her grace and decency in a famously cutthroat business, Tilberis campaigned for cancer awareness in the pages of *Bazaar* and in a 1998 memoir, *No Time to Die*.

DIED. RAGHUBIR SINGH, 58, meticulous, internationally acclaimed photographer of India; of an apparent heart attack; in New York City. Singh, whose books captured the



landscapes of every region of his native country, said that unlike colleagues who so favored black and white, "Indians have always intuitively seen and controlled colour."

DIED. MARY ROCKEFELLER, 91, first wife of former New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller; in New York City. In 1962 she divorced her husband, to whom she had been married for 31 years and who caused a stir the following year when he wed staff member Margaretta ("Happy") Murphy. Rockefeller, a lifelong advocate for the education of nurses, was awarded an honorary degree for her efforts from Hunter College in 1980.

DIED. WENCESLAO MORENO, better known as Señor Wences, 103, ventriloquist who created impish dummies out of his thumb and forefinger; in New York City. As a schoolboy in Spain, Moreno began using his hand as a puppet to amuse himself while in detention for answering for absent friends during homeroom roll call. On the '50s and '60s variety shows of Ed Sullivan, Milton Berle and Sid Caesar, among others, he delighted audiences with sweetly silly exchanges. The often cranky Pedro, a disembodied head in a box, usually answered Wences' inquiry as to whether he was "all right" with a casual "S'all right."

CRIMINALISTICS



15 Number of people (14 students, one teacher) who died in Littleton, Colo., massacre

173 Number of violent deaths in U.S. schools between 1994 and 1998

50% Percentage of children ages 9 to 17 who are worried about dying young



31% Percentage of children ages 12 to 17 who know someone their age who carries a gun

22% Decrease in organizations granting \$50,000 or more each year to HIV/AIDS prevention, treatment and research

\$30 million U.S. philanthropic support for HIV/AIDS prevention, treatment and research, down from \$37 million in 1996

33.4 million Number of people worldwide living with HIV/AIDS



15% Percentage of New Jersey's population that is black

27% Percentage of motorists stopped by New Jersey state police patrolling various regions of the state in 1997 and 1998 who were black

20 YEARS AGO THIS TIME

The carnage at Littleton this week had resonance for the San Carlos neighborhood of San Diego, Calif. Twenty years ago, **Brenda Spencer** was a teenager with a gun and a target: the elementary school across the road. Today she is serving the 20th year of a 25-years-to-life sentence and will be eligible for a parole hearing in 2001. TIME's Feb. 12, 1979, report:

The explanation was incredibly casual. "I don't like Mondays," Brenda Spencer, 16, told reporters by telephone as she held off San Diego police for six hours. But who was she trying to kill as she repeatedly fired a .22-cal. rifle at Cleveland Elementary School from her home across the street? "No one in particular. I kind of like the red and blue jackets." While Brenda chatted on the telephone, the terrified pupils and teachers huddled on the floor of the bullet-



sprayed school. Principal Burton Wragg and Custodian Michael Suchar were both slain by the gunfire at the school's front yard. Eight children and one police officer were wounded. After hours of futile attempts to get Brenda to surrender, she finally decided it was time to end what she had called "fun." She calmly walked out of the house, put her gun [down], went back inside ... "Why did she do it?" asked an eight-year-old boy. Unfortunately, no one in authority could answer that question.

By Harriet Barwick, Tom Gray, Daniel Levy, Luis Lofaro, David Spritz, and Steve Tischman

On March 4, Eric Harris and Dylan Kle
On April 17, they both went to the prom.



bold sat for this class picture. What they did next left their school ...



THE BOYS IN BLACK:
Harris and Klebold,
at the top left corner,
pose for their class
photo in Columbine's
gym. In front of
Harris is Brooks
Brown, whom they
told to leave school
on the day they
began shooting

...IN SORROW



AND DISBELIEF



ANGUISH: A student in distress at the triage area across from Columbine High

SPECIAL REPORT: THE LITTLETON MASSACRE





By NANCY GIBBS

HIgh school is a haunted house in April, when seniors act up because the end is near. Even those who hate school sometimes cling to the devil they know. And for the kids who love it, the goodbyes are hard to think about. Two weeks ago, Sara Martin was chosen to be a graduation speaker for Columbine High, and she was struggling. She wanted to write about all the people she loved, in the choir and the Bible club and even the ones who turn left out of the right-hand lane in the parking lot.

"I have loved oysters at 7 in the morning in the teachers' lounge with Mme. Lutz and the halls that smelled like rotting Easter eggs," she wrote. "I have loved fire drills and Tai Chi on the lawn with Mr. Kritzer's philosophy class. I have loved you and our moments of folly together ... We're all looking for passion, for something, anything, in our lives." And she wondered how to capture the spirit, "the humanity and integrity that walk the halls of our very own Columbine."

She was in the choir room last Tuesday when something very different was walking the halls. By the end of that gruesome day, by the time 15 people had died, her friends among them, she had her yearbook of humanity and integrity signed in blood. As Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris prowled the school with their guns and bombs, this is what the children did: a boy draped himself over his sister and her friend, so that he would be the one shot. A boy with 10 bullet wounds in his leg picked up an explosive that landed by him and hurled it away from the other wounded kids. Others didn't want to leave their dying teacher when the SWAT team finally came: Can't we carry him out on a folded-up table? A girl was asked by the gunman if she believed in God, knowing full well the safe answer. "There is a God," she said quietly, "and you need to follow along God's path." The shooter looked down at her. "There is no God," he said, and he shot her in the head.

Before we inventory the evil we cannot fathom, consider the reflexes at work among these happy, lucky kids, born to a generation that is thought to know nothing about sacrifice. They had no way of knowing what would be asked of them, what they were capable of. Among the kids who died and the ones who were prepared to die were the students who stayed behind to open a door, or save a friend, or build an escape route or barricade a closet or guide the descending SWAT teams into the darkness.

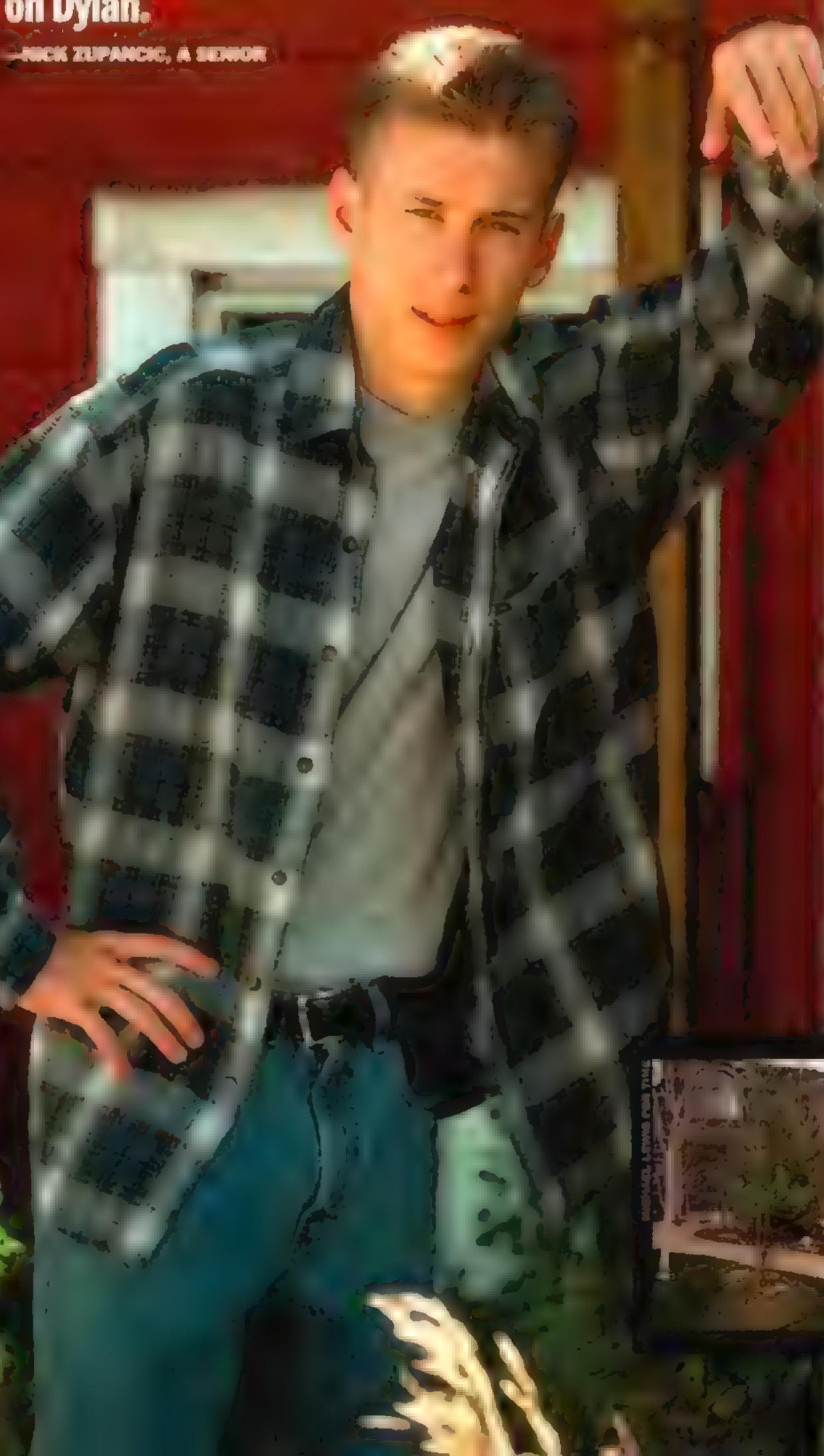
The story of the slaughter at Columbine High School opened a sad national conversation about what turned two boys' souls into poison. It promises to be a long, hard talk, in public and in private, about why smart, privileged kids rot inside. Do we

UPHEAVAL Students and police take cover as a body lies on the sidewalk between the school and a parking lot, far left; rescue personnel wheel the wounded away, top; one of the many small groups escaping from the assault on Columbine, left

SPECIAL REPORT THE LITTLETON MASSACRE

Over time, Eric became more angry at the world and had an effect on Dylan.

NICK ZUPANIC, A SENIOR



blame the parents, blame the savage music they listened to, blame the ease of stockpiling an arsenal, blame the chemistry of cruelty and cliques that has always been a part of high school life but has never been so deadly? Among the many things that did not survive the week was the hymn all parents unconsciously sing as they send their children out in the morning, past the headlines, to their schools. It can't happen here, Lord, no, it could never happen here.

Sure it can. It can even happen in Littleton, a town of 35,000 near the dusty-tan foothills of the Rockies, just southwest of Denver. It was once a small prairie town of gold rushers and traders, where the biggest scare was getting hit by a prairie dog. Now it's a stretched finger of the big city, with aspiring families who don't lock their doors, enclaves with names like Coventry and Raccoon Creek and Bel Flower, scrubland turned into golf courses, houses than run anywhere from \$75,000 to \$5 million or so. There's an arch over a hallway in the high school engraved with a motto: "The finest kids in America pass through these halls."

THE DAY BEGAN WITH AN OMEN. ON THE classroom video monitors, the "phrase of the day" was not exactly Ralph Waldo Emerson. Instead, noticed a student, it was something to the effect, "You don't want to be here." Below that was the date, not spelled out April 20, as was the custom, but written 4/20 in bold type, a pulsing message easily decoded. "It's weed-smoking day," one student said, referring to the shorthand for going out and getting stoned: marijuana is supposed to contain 420 different chemicals; the Los Angeles police department's code for a drug bust is 420.

And it was also, as we now know too well, Adolf Hitler's birthday. In the handwritten diary of one of the suspects, the anniversary, say the police, was clearly marked as a time to "rock and roll." Some members of Harris' and Klebold's clique, tagged in derision a few years before as the Trench Coat Mafia, had embraced enough Nazi mythology to spook their classmates. They reportedly wore swasti-



THE HARRISES bought their four-bedroom home in May 1996. On the day before the shooting, neighbor Tony Fatro, 10, heard the sound of glass breaking and a buzzing sound coming out of the Harris garage. Eric, he says, "was always in there with the door closed."

kas on black shirts, spoke German in the halls, re-enacted World War II battles, played the most vicious video games, talked about whom they hated, whom they would like to kill. Harris and Klebold liked to bowl; when Harris made a good shot, he would throw his arm up, "Heil Hitler!"

But they were not really dangerous, right? Every school has its rebels, its Goths in black nail polish and lipstick, its stoners and deadbeats, sometimes, as in this case, the very brightest techie kids who found solidarity in exclusion. "We hung out. We listened to music," says Alejandra Marsh, 16. "We went over to someone's house and watched cartoons. We loved *Pinky and the Brain* and *Animaniacs*." Fellow students described them as discarded, unwanted "stereotype geeks," who, like the jocks and preppies, had their own table in the cafeteria, their group picture in the yearbook with the caption, "Who says we're different? Insanity's healthy. Stay alive, stay different, stay crazy."

"They do it for the attention," says Greg Montgomery, 19. "It's kind of like a rivalry with us," pipes in hockey player Chip Dunleavy, 17. "They hate us because we're like the social élite of the school."

THAT RIVALRY HAD BEEN SMOLDERING for months. Some students say even the teachers picked on the Trench Coats, blaming them for things they hadn't done and letting the jocks get away with anything because they were the crown princes.

One athlete in particular liked to taunt them. "Dirtbag," he'd say, or maybe, "Nice dress." Others called them "faggots," inbreeds, harassing them to the point of throwing rocks and bottles at them from moving cars. "You have to understand that there were as many lies, rumors and intrigue as in Washington this past year," says Marsh. "It's almost the definition of a teenager to be cruel to those who are not like you. They don't like to admit it," she says, but "the ones who are the worst at spreading rumors and lies would be the jocks and the cheerleaders. There was



THE KLEBOLD HOME is tucked just under a stunning outcropping of red rocks. When he was about 10, Dylan told a friend, he fell asleep on the rocks only to awake in the dark to the sound of coyotes howling. Too scared to run back into the house, he stayed out till daybreak.



"You got the feeling he had low self-esteem. He was a bit reclusive but nice."

—SARA MARTIN, A CLASSMATE

THE ATTACK

BEFORE 11:25 A.M. TUESDAY APRIL 20

1 Armed with a semiautomatic rifle, two sawed-off shotguns, a semi-automatic handgun and dozens of homemade bombs, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold approach the school through the parking lot and shoot a female student. While other students in the area take cover, the pair shoot a male student in the back and set off bombs in the parking lot and on the school's roof.

2 They enter the school, go to the cafeteria and open fire, shooting and throwing pipe bombs. Students and adults in the cafeteria and throughout the building hit the floor, hide in classrooms, bathrooms and closets.

3 Harris and Klebold exit the cafeteria and head up the stairs. They exchange gunfire with school police officer Neil Gardner. Some students flee the school.

4 The gunmen shoot a teacher, Dave Sanders, who is trying to direct students to safety.

5 They enter the library and demand that all jocks stand up. Three female students and seven male students are killed. The gunmen kill themselves.

THE RESPONSE

11:21 A.M. Sheriff's office receives a report of an explosion near the school.

11:26 Calls are made to 911 from the school.

11:40 A team of police officers arrive.

12 NOON Ambulances take the first of the wounded students to hospitals.

12:30 P.M. SWAT teams begin a sweep of the building looking for bombs.

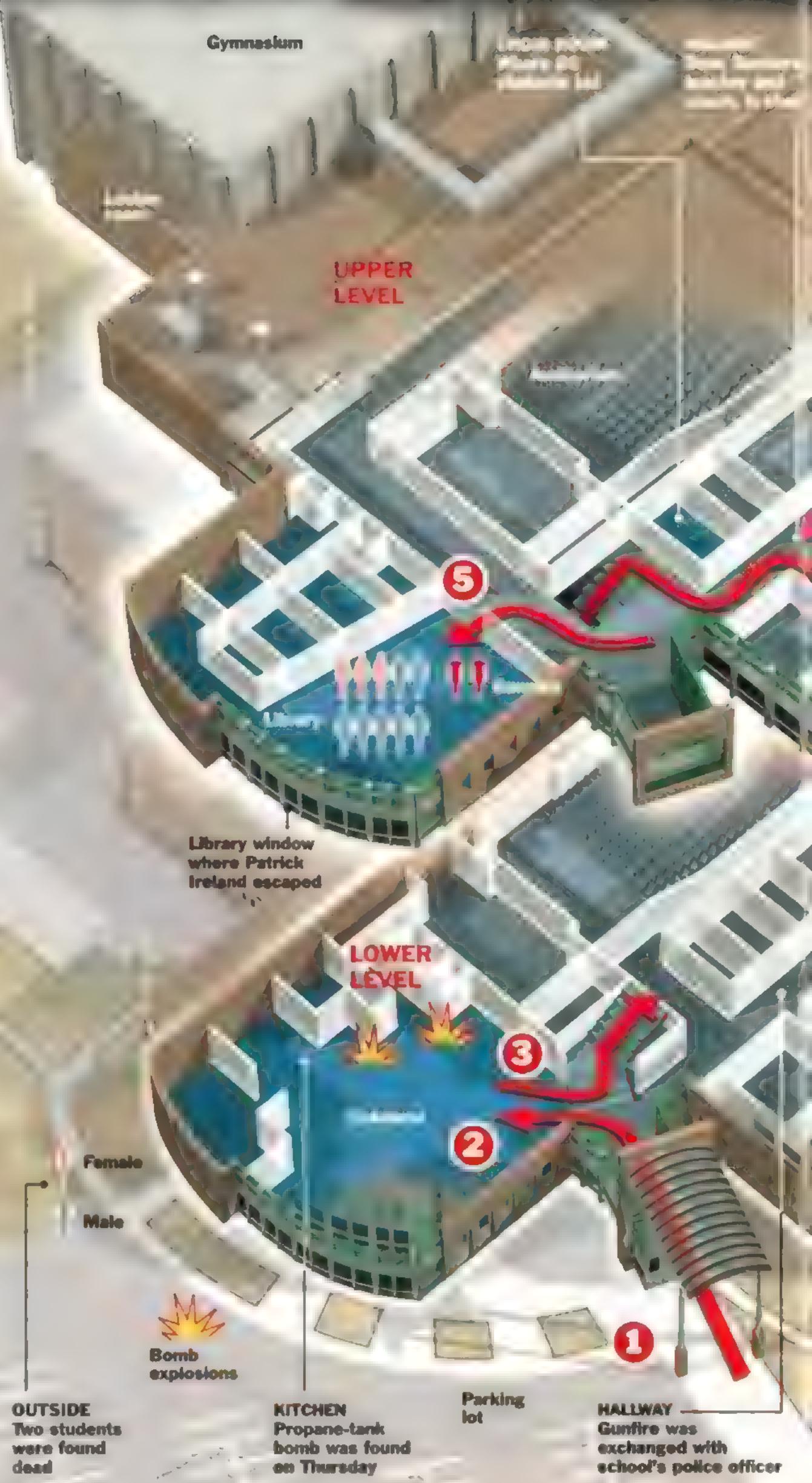
3:30 Police find the 12 bodies, including the two gunmen in the library.

4:30 Building declared under control.

6:15 Explosive devices are found in a car in the parking lot.

WEDNESDAY, 10:30 P.M. All victims have been identified and removed from the scene.

THURSDAY A bomb made of a 20-lb. propane tank wrapped with shrapnel, a gasoline can and wires is found inside a duffel bag in the cafeteria kitchen.





one rumor we went around killing small animals. Another rumor that we had orgies."

Some of the Trench Coats tried to ignore the hazing, but some snarled back, and one reportedly flashed a shotgun at his abusers in the park. They made a video for class, a tale of kids in trench coats hunting down their enemies with shotguns. The graffiti in the boys' bathroom warned: COLUMBINE WILL EXPLODE ONE DAY. KILL ALL ATHLETES. ALL JOCKS MUST DIE

It was all out in the open, all the needles and threats, but in a school of nearly 2,000 busy, ambitious kids, that quiet hissing sound was just background noise, drowned out by the gossip about who went to the prom with whom on Saturday night; the humming of the seniors' theme song, *The Way You Look Tonight*; and finally the normal sounds of a Tuesday morning, when the biology class was worrying about its test on the digestive system, the choir was rehearsing for its afternoon concert and it was warm enough outside to wear shorts, at last.

It was Free Cookie Day in the cafeteria, and there were hundreds of students draped around the tables and waiting in lines at the 11:30 lunch hour when the sounds of the firing erupted outside. Students saw two boys in trench coats and masks firing at kids; one tossed something up onto the roof of the school, and it exploded in a flash. Some kids thought it was the long-awaited senior prank; they had been expecting balloons filled with shaving cream. Surely those are firecrackers, they thought. Surely those guns are fake. Is the blood fake? Can a fake bomb make walls shake? Then they were screaming and running. One boy could feel the rush of a bullet past his head.

"Get down!" the janitor yelled. "Get under a table!" They dove for cover, then began crawling—under furniture, over backpacks, slithering toward the stairs. Then they ran as the shots came again. "We heard boom after boom," says sophomore Jody Clouse. "The floor was shaking from the explosions." Bullets clanged as they bounced off metal lockers. Some tried to run upstairs, to the safety of the library. But there was smoke everywhere, the fire alarms had gone off, and the sprinkler system was turning the school into a blinding, misty jungle. So they retreated back downstairs, away from the library, which, by the time the mayhem ended, had turned into a tomb.

Cafeteria worker Karen Nielsen had

rushed to help the bleeding students when she spotted the shooters. As she heard the shots blowing through the room, she shoved the kids into a bathroom. She pulled a phone along with her to call the police. But then she worried, "They'll see the cord. And then we'll be trapped."

Sheriff's deputy Neil Gardner, posted at the school for security, heard the shots and ran toward the cafeteria. When he spotted one gunman, he exchanged fire, then ducked for cover and called for backup. By this time the 911 calls were already coming in, and the SWAT cars were on the scene within 20 minutes. But the bombs were still going off, and the officers had no idea how many shooters there were—or which ones



FOOLING AROUND: Harris, in cap, and Klebold, to his left, mug during their 1999 senior-class photo session

were killers and which were targets. "They didn't want to go in there with guns blazing," says Cathy Scott, mother of two students who escaped, "and kill the wrong kids." And so the police hunkered down, as the bombs kept exploding all around.

UPSTAIRS IN THE SCIENCE WING, SCIENCE teacher Dick Will thought, "There go those chemistry people blowing things up again." But when the fire alarm rang, Will knew it was more than students at work. A group of his kids went down the hall to investigate and came back yelling and screaming. "They're shooting!" He herded his charges back to the corner of the room, shut off the lights and started turning over chairs and desks and piling them up against the doors.

Other teachers had the same instincts. Business teacher Dave Sanders was in the faculty lounge when he heard the trouble, raced toward the cafeteria and went to war. "He screamed for us to get down and shut up," says freshman Kathy Carlton. "We crawled on the floor and made it to the stairs." When the firing began again, they got up and started to run. Sanders, on the ground, propped himself on his elbows, directing kids to safety as the killers moved

in. Too terrified to look back, Kathy never saw the shooters, but she could tell they were close, very close. She stands over 6 ft., she knew she made a promising target. So while other kids raced down a first-floor hallway, she leaped up the stairs toward the second floor. She tried the door to one science room, but it was already locked. Furiously she worked her way down the hall, finally to Science Room 3, into which two teachers were herding other kids.

The class had been taking a long, nasty biology test when the explosions came. Lexis Coffey-Berg, 16, saw Sanders running toward them, saw him shot twice in the back, with a jolt and spasm. "You could see the impact," she says. "You could see it go through his body. He was spitting up blood." He stumbled into the room, blood streaming from his chest, and collapsed

held it up in the window for the rescuers to see: HELP. BLEEDING TO DEATH. As the students prayed, Sanders every now and then managed to cough and spit out some blood to clear his lungs. But the time kept passing, and no one came. Said Sanders: "I don't think I'm going to make it."

ON THE CLASSROOM TVs, THE barricaded students could see the SWAT teams assembling, the news choppers hovering and eventually the parents beginning to gather, as they and the rest of the country watched the siege take hold of the school. "[The police] didn't know where the shooters were, or where the bombs were," says Lexis, "so they couldn't get us right away." Her friends began writing notes to

down onto a table in the teachers' lounge. Somehow uninjured, he picked himself up and sprinted out a door to freedom as the shooting continued behind him. "They were shooting everywhere; it seemed like they wanted to kill everything in sight," he says. "I've never been so frightened in my life. It was run for your life or die."

His twin brother Adam, meanwhile, was in trouble down the hall. He had been in choir practice, preparing for a concert that afternoon at an elementary school. When the shooting started, Adam and about 60 others crammed into the choir-room office as the explosions seemed to come closer and closer. They pushed a filing cabinet and two upended desks against the door. In the hot, stagnant air, several kids began to gag and cough. Shhh, quiet, the others said, fearing any sound would

THE DEAD

Their lives
were cut
short. Here's
a snapshot
of where
they were
headed



CASSIE BERNALL, 17, dabbled in witchcraft before she was born again. One of the gunmen asked, "Do you believe in God?" She said she did. He pulled the trigger



STEVEN ROBERT CURNOW, 14, hoped to become a Navy pilot. He was a big Star Wars fan and an avid soccer player; his father had recently taught him to referee



COREY DEPOOTER, 17, was into wrestling, golf and hunting, but he liked fishing best. This spring the junior drove to Oklahoma with his best friend for a fishing expedition



KELLY FLEMING, 16, moved to Littleton from Phoenix, Ariz., a year and a half ago. She was creative—writing poetry, composing songs and learning to play the guitar



MATTHEW KECHTER, 16, was trying to make the starting squad as a lineman on the varsity football team. Still, the sophomore had time to maintain a straight-A average



DANIEL MAUSER, 15, liked a challenge. He excelled at the sciences but took on cross-country (to push himself) and debate (to overcome his shyness)

over the desk, knocking out his teeth.

A teacher got the paramedics on the phone, and the classroom turned into a trauma ward. Aaron Hancey, a junior, had had some first-aid training, and the paramedics tried to talk the kids through the basic life-saving treatment. Boys stripped off their shirts to make pillows for Sanders' head and bandages for the bloody holes in his torso. They found some emergency blankets stashed with the fire gear in that room and wrapped him up as his temperature started to fall. They could tell they were losing him.

"I can't breathe," he murmured. "I've got to go." But they kept talking to him, pulled his wallet out of his pocket and held up the pictures of his daughters. Tell us about them, they said. "He was breathing and awake the whole time," says Jody Clouse. "I'm sure the pain was great." They made a sign with the dry-erase board and

their parents, saying that they loved them, that they thought they were going to die. Everyone was praying. "In a world where there are so many religions," says Lexis, "everyone was praying the same way." One friend made a vow. "If I ever get out, I'm going to be nice to my little brother."

Elsewhere up and down the halls, students locked themselves in closets and classrooms, also calling out on their cell phones. They called police; they called parents; they called for anyone who could come and help get them out. Some could hear sounds of laughing in the hallways, as the shooters prowled through the smoke. They heard the jeering. "Oh, you f---ing nerd. Tonight's a good night to die." Senior Nick Foss and a friend ducked into a bathroom, punched through a ceiling panel and shimmied along the ventilation shaft. Suddenly one of the vents broke, and Foss fell 15 ft.

lure the killers, who for all they knew were right outside. The choir room lay near the top of the stairs, close to where the carnage began, and very close to the library where it would finally end.

Someone in the choir room whispered, "Who's religious? Anybody in here religious?" The huddled students started to pray, very, very quietly. "I was terrified on the outside," says Craig Nason, a junior. "But on the inside, God gave me peace. I felt like many others outside the school were praying for us." The walls of the office kept shuddering with each shot and explosion, for an agonizing 20 minutes or so. Then things fell quiet, and they waited. When they reached the police by phone, pleading for rescue, they were told that the police had to move slowly because of possible booby traps. Some students with asthma started having trouble breathing, so others

climbed up and pulled out some ceiling tiles, then lifted the students up to where the air was fresher. The quiet was cut when the office phone rang. It was the elementary school calling, wondering why the concert was being delayed.

MANY OF THE KIDS WHO MADE IT OUT THE exits ran into the parking lots. Police had heard rumors that the gunmen were exchanging clothes with the students, so everyone had to be checked, patted down, in order for the cops to be sure these were the victims escaping and not the killers. Neighbors arrived with blankets, bandages and gauze and brought kids into their homes. A nurse passing through the area found herself doing triage on a front lawn. The ambulances began shuttling the wounded—the ones who had been able to

thought his son might be involved and offering to help negotiate a surrender. The SWAT team leaders decided they didn't think he could be of any use.

All the while the killers were still inside, going about their business. And in the end, they did their deadliest work in the school's quiet place, the best place to find people in a school when finals are looming and everyone worries about getting term papers done on time.

A teacher, identified by police only as Peggy, made it into the library a few steps ahead of the killers. First she called the police. Then, over the phone, she could be overheard desperately trying to warn the kids. "There's a guy with a gun!" she yelled, bleeding. "Kids, under the table! Kids, stay on the floor! Oh, God. Oh, God—kids, just stay down!" At first, Craig Scott

prayed, and God put an invisible shield around us."

The killers went round the room, asking people why they should let them live. Students heard one girl pleading for her life, then a shot, and quiet. They told wounded kids to quit crying; it will all be over soon, you'll all be dead. They approached another girl, cowering under a table, yelled "Peekaboo!" and shot her in the neck. Any one who cried or moaned was shot again.

The murderers were utterly without pity. Survivors said they treated it like a video game. "We've waited to do this a long time," they said. At one point one of the gunmen recognized a student and said, "Oh, I know you—you can go." And then, "We're out of ammo ... gotta reload. We'll come back to get you three."

Craig took off his white baseball hat

DANIEL ROHRBAUGH, 15, pitched in at his dad's electronics shop and the family's farm in Kansas. He was shot after doubling back to the cafeteria to help.

WILLIAM DAVID SANDERS, 47, a business teacher, was hit as he shepherded students to safety. As the father of four lay dying, he said, "Tell my girls I love them."

RACHEL SCOTT, 17, planned to become a missionary in Africa and starred in a recent school play. She had a kindly spirit that won her many friends.

ISAIAH SHOELS, 18, survived a congenital heart defect and earned a spot on the football team. The killers appeared to seek him out largely because of his race.

JOHN TOMLIN, 16, had an easy smile and a soft spot for the beat-up Chevy he paid for himself. Last year he traveled with his dad to Mexico to build a house for the poor.

LAUREN TOWNSEND, 18, had a 4.0 grade average, making her a strong contender for valedictorian. She also captained the girls' volleyball team.

KYLE VELASQUEZ, 16, had been a slow learner and was very shy. But after mentoring him for a year, Kent Kochameler says, "He opened up more, and we became friends."

get out of the building on their own power—to area hospitals. Senior SWAT team agent Donn Kraemer spotted a boy in a window, limp, bleeding, desperate to get out. "He looked at us but was oblivious," Kraemer said. "He was going to come out headfirst." Kraemer and another agent grabbed him and pulled him to safety. The boy, with gunshot wounds in the head and foot, was so much in shock that he could barely say his name. Rick or Rich, they thought he said. His name was Patrick Ireland. He had taken two bullets to the head. Last week the 17-year-old was in serious condition, suffering from impaired speech and damaged motor skills to his right side.

Among the countless offers of help that came in during the siege was one the police did not accept. Well before any potential suspects had been named publicly, Klebold's father contacted police, saying he

thought it was all a prank, maybe the teacher was in on it. But the noise was real, and the fear was real, and he ducked under a table with his friend Matt Kechter and one of Columbine's few black students, a senior named Isaiah Shoels. And they heard the gunmen come in.

THEY WERE LAUGHING, EXCITED. "Who's next?" they said. "Who's ready to die?" The two moved through the room, calling out: "All the jocks stand up. We're going to kill every one of you." Seth Houy had come to the library to hang out with his sister and a friend: they ducked under a table and he lay on top of them so he would be the one to be hit. "Honestly, I think that God made us invisible," he told the Denver Post. "We prayed the hardest we'd ever

and hid it. When the killers walked by, they saw Isaiah and called him a "nigger." He pleaded with them not to shoot, just let him go home, he wanted his mom, and they pulled the trigger. Then they shot Matt. Craig, covered in his friends' blood, lay very, very still. As he told Katie Couric two mornings later, in an account almost unbearable to watch, Craig began praying for courage. "God told me to get out of there," he said. So he got up and started to run, yelling to others to come with him. One girl pleaded for help. "She had a chunk of her shoulder blown off with a shotgun," Craig said. "And I helped her get out. She was bleeding all over the place, and her—her bone was showing." They got out of the library, out to an exit, down to the cops, where Craig told them what the shooters looked like, where they were.

And then he asked the other kids if they



had any brothers or sisters in the school, and they started praying for them. As the minutes passed, "All these people that I was praying for, 30 minutes later, their brothers and sisters were showing up." And he said to the others, "See, I told you. I told you prayer worked. I told you your sister was going to come out of this. I said—and they thanked me. And they kept praying for my sister." But something told him that all was not right for Rachel. Only the next morning did he learn, officially, that she had died. But he already knew.

Meanwhile, in the science room, Mr. Sanders was dying. Students kept giving the police specific directions to the room, but there was so much confusion, and the time just kept passing. Via phone, Sanders was told it would be another 10 to 15 minutes before help would arrive. "It's too long," he responded. "Tell my girls that I love them ... my wife ..."

In all it was 3½ hours before the second-floor class was rescued. Students asked if they could please help carry Sanders out on a table. No, said the SWAT team, and they

herded the students through the halls, now filled with 6 in. of water from the sprinklers, past the bodies and the blood sprayed everywhere. In the cafeteria the half-eaten lunches lay soaking on the tables. "Everything was left in place," says Lexis, "like it was a normal day." She recalls the police yelling, "If any of you take your hands away from your head, we're going to pull you away immediately. Get up and put your hands on your head. Run! RUN!"

It was too late for Sanders. Gradually his breathing weakened, his face turned blue and pale. He died just minutes after paramedics reached him. "The wait for help was so long," says Jody Clouse. "Everything that happened just didn't seem real."

ALL THE WHILE, THE TERRIFIED PARENTS were watching it unfold in real time. They streamed toward the campus as the news spread, some abandoning their cars as they came. They approached anyone who looked official, begging for news of their children. Why were the police waiting so long? Their kids were in there, some were

RELIQUARY Friends and classmates gather in the parking lot around Rachel Scott's car, which has become a shrine

running out in gushes, but so many were still missing. Where are they? Who is helping them? In time the parents were told that everyone would be reunited at nearby Leawood Elementary School, and so the vigil moved there. The parents waited as the yellow buses pulled in one at a time, dispensing 40 or so kids into joyful reunions with family and friends, like some kind of awful lottery.

There were so many lists circulating, like the dreaded lists of the war dead, except these were survivor lists, and parents were desperate to see, hear anything, called out names, searched for their kids' friends to find out if they knew anything. They called homes, called hospitals, called anywhere they could think. Some of the kids who fled the school early on had gone into hiding at their friends' houses, in such shock that it was hours before they made contact with their parents.

"I'm so very happy," said Cathy Scott,

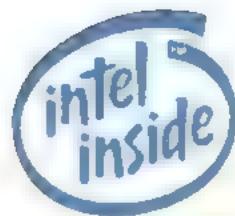
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SPECIAL REPORT: THE LITTLETON MASSACRE



AFTERMATH Investigators mark evidence near the doorway through which Harris and Klebold entered the school on their rampage

mother of two, "and so very sad. My kids aren't going back to school anytime soon."

Bruce Beck searched each face coming out, looking for his stepdaughter Lauren Townsend. "You see all the kids run out of the building," he told the *Rocky Mountain News*. "You're just sure one of the kids is going to be yours." Lauren's mother waited by the phone, waiting for word. And it didn't come. As the afternoon turned to evening, the crowd finally became smaller and more desperate. At one point there were far more pastors and counselors than parents left. Over a basketball hoop was a pink sign—PRAYER CORNER: PLEASE JOIN US. Though by this time the police had secured the high school, officials from the sheriff's office explained that there were bombs stashed among the bodies and it was too dangerous to go in and move them. And then they asked parents to come back in the morning—with dental records. Two mothers fled the building and threw up outside.

It took hours to catalog the carnage. "There were SWAT team people who were in Vietnam," said district attorney Dave Thomas, "who were crying and weeping over what they saw." But only on Thursday

did officials truly appreciate the level of mayhem the killers had in mind. In the school kitchen, in a duffel bag, they found the sinister parcel containing a propane tank, gasoline can and nails and BBs and glass that would have taken dozens of lives in the busy cafeteria. The killers, Sheriff John Stone said, "were going to destroy the school."

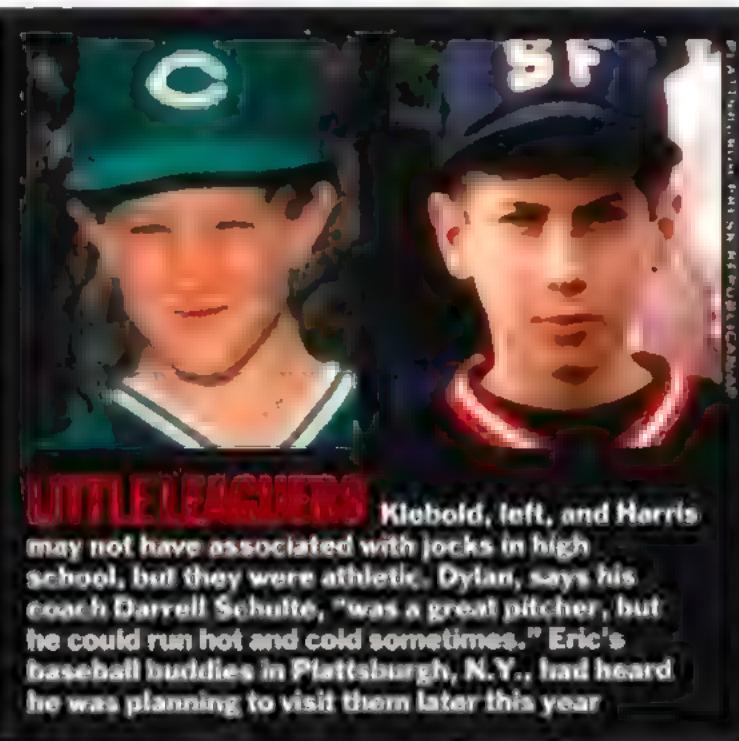
Before they fired their last two shots into their own heads, the killers fired off

an estimated 900 rounds, using two sawed-off shotguns, a 9-mm semiautomatic carbine and a TEC-DC 9 semiautomatic handgun. And as the smoke cleared, police discovered more than 30 bombs in all: several pipe bombs in the school and others outside in cars in the parking lot, an arsenal so large that suspicions immediately arose about whether Harris and Klebold could possibly have acted alone.

THE HARDEST THING ABOUT THE search for an explanation was the growing fear there might not be one. There would be lots of talk about the venomous culture that these boys soaked in—but many kids drink those waters without turning into mass murderers. There would be talk of deep family dysfunction, something in their past or their present, but nothing in the first days of archaeology turned up anything tidy that explained something so massively wrong. These were parents who came to all the Little League and soccer games. They even came to practices.

Dylan Klebold was said to be the weaker spirit of the two: quiet, reserved, looking for a leader, which he found in Eric Harris when the Harrises moved to Littleton from Plattsburgh, N.Y. Klebold's father Thomas is a former geophysicist who launched a mortgage-management business from his home. His mother Susan worked with blind and disabled kids at the local community college. They

lived in a modern wood-and-glass home tucked under a stunning outcropping of red rocks in an area called Deer Creek Canyon. On the day before the shooting, neighbors of the Harrises saw Klebold's black BMW parked outside Eric's house. Harris' father Wayne was a decorated Air Force pilot. One neighbor heard one of them ask the other if he had a metal baseball bat. From the garage came sounds of hammering and breaking glass. "He was always in there with the door closed," said a fifth-grader who lived nearby. Police say it would be possible to build 30 bombs in a single afternoon, with less than \$200 worth of



LITTLE LEAGUERS

Klebold, left, and Harris may not have associated with jocks in high school, but they were athletic. Dylan, says his coach Darrell Schulte, "was a great pitcher, but he could run hot and cold sometimes." Eric's baseball buddies in Plattsburgh, N.Y., had heard he was planning to visit them later this year

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materials, all easily found at hardware and sporting-goods stores.

As for the recipes, those are even easier to find for a kid with that much cyberskill. Harris' personal website, since taken down by AOL, detailed advice on building pipe bombs. "I will rig up explosives all over town," he wrote. "I don't care if I live or die." Elsewhere on the website he writes that a pipe bomb is "the easiest and deadliest way to kill a group of people," and he offers advice on shrapnel: "You can use screws, BBs, nails of all kinds..." According to an internal information memo in the possession of district attorney Thomas, Harris had spoken to a psychiatrist sometime before the shooting, and the doctor recommended that he begin taking antidepressants. The doctor said Harris had expressed anger about the world.

KLEBOLD AND HARRIS HAD charmed their way through the legal system. They were convicted of a felony in January 1998 after breaking into a van and stealing about \$400 worth of electronic equipment. They entered a juvenile-court rehabilitation program that allowed them to clear their records by participating in community-service programs and an anger-management seminar. Last Feb. 3 both were allowed to finish the program early, having been such model participants. "Eric is a very bright young man who is likely to succeed in life," said the termination report on Harris. As for Klebold, he too was "intelligent enough to make any dream a reality, but he needs to understand hard work is part of it."

If the professionals did not spot the warning signs, neither did the people who saw the boys every day. The owner of the pizza parlor where they worked says they were model employees. For all the talk of fierce racism, Harris was well liked back in Plattsburgh, where his best friends, according to the local *Press-Republican*, were black and Asian. As for the neo-Nazi Klebold, his great-grandfather was a prominent Jewish philanthropist back in Ohio.

Yet the police disclosed that the handwritten diary they had found was drenched



SPRING SNOW "Before, it was like a dream, like a movie," said one survivor after a memorial service. "Now, I'm angry"

in Nazi-philia: phrases in German punctuating a year's worth of meticulous planning for the attack on Hitler's 110th birthday. There were also annotated maps of the school showing the best places to hide and where and when the most students gathered. Again and again, hatred for the jocks emerged in the writings. Said Sheriff Stone: "They wanted to do as much damage as they could possibly do, destroy as many children as they could and go out in flames." The remains of their preparations were evident, he says: the barrel of a gun was clearly visible on the dresser of one suspect when investigators entered his room at home.

Whatever the threats and intentions, the killings were, in the end, blindly indiscriminate. They shot at the math whiz and the actress, the wrestler, the debater, jocks, brains, band members, freshmen, seniors. They shot at the head football coach; they shot at the science teacher. "They shot at everybody," says senior Nick Zupancic, "including the preps, the jocks and the people who wore Abercrombie & Fitch clothes. But it would be hard to say they singled them out, because everybody here looks like that. I mean, we're in white suburbia. Our school's wealthy. Go into the parking lot and see the cars. These kids have money. But I never thought they'd do this."

By the time the memorial services had been held and the flowers piled up in the soft spring snow in the parking lot, the recriminations were well under way. How could parents not know their garage was a bomb-

making factory? How could a school not know the hatred in its halls was more than routine teenage alienation? Why had the SWAT team members been so cautious when people were trapped and bleeding to death? What if their kids had been inside?

There was nothing the school could have done differently, insisted Columbine's principal Frank DeAngelis. "We could have had the National Guard on alert, and it wouldn't have stopped this," he said. Metal detectors would not have stopped the rampage at the door, and he doesn't think the killers stashed their arsenal ahead of

time, an argument that became harder to defend when it was reported that as a member of the audio-visual program, Harris may have had a key to the school. Maybe it would help to search routinely every car in the lot, the principal said, but that "is just not practical." DeAngelis passed the job back to students. "It's students' responsibility to report even idle threats. They must tell adults, and then it's our job to check them out." So how could glaring omens like Harris' website pages, on which he reportedly threatened another kid's life, or his violent fantasy stories and videos be missed? DeAngelis has no answer.

IN THE MEANTIME, THE COLUMBINE survivors are left with their fear and grief. The grocery stores are out of cellophane cones of flowers. Prom pictures have become obituary shots. A bunch of kids went out to dinner at Applebee's Thursday night. Everyone stared. "They knew we were kids from Columbine," says junior Scott Schulte. "No one said anything. Then a waitress dropped a booster chair. We all jumped."

Sara Martin has come to her own conclusions. The graduation speaker now hopes she won't have to speak at all. "When those guys walked into the hallways in their trench coats, with their guns and their bombs, they brought in fear and hate and pushed out everything else—every ounce of life."

In its place, students planted crosses: four pink ones for the girls, nine blue ones for the boys—and two black ones, set apart, for the killers.

—Reported by Julie Grace, S.C. Gwynne, Maureen Harrington, David S. Jackson, Jeffrey Shapiro and Richard Woodbury/Littleton

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WHAT CAN THE SC

Metal detectors, mesh book bags, armed police—should kids have to attend prisons? Here's what some schools have done to prevent violence

By JOHN CLOUD

AS THE COUNTRY WATCHED Littleton last week, we seemed to be hurtling toward a National Moment, a late-'90s version of, say, the sinking of the *Maine*, or the Kent State shootings during Vietnam, or Rock Hudson's death. These moments can be dangerous, as such soul searching quickly turns into lawmaking. History may remember last week because of what happens in the next few weeks, so let's try to get it right.

We might go ahead and dismiss a few of the too tiny suggestions (those mesh backpacks you keep hearing about still carry guns—just stinky ones wrapped in gym clothes) as well as the too big ones (Ohio Representative James Traficant used Littleton to try to revive the idea of prayer in schools, which the Supreme Court has ruled illegal about 38 times). But what about New Mexico Senator Jeff Bingaman's proposal to spend \$10 million turning schools into little fortresses, with security better than that at the nuclear lab in his state? Or more gun control, as New York Senator Charles Schumer urged when he reminded us that "a teenager can only do so much damage with his fists"?

By week's end, a sense of panic had crept from the 24-hr. "Terror in the Rockies" broadcasts into the statehouses as well. Some were more panicked than others: California Governor Gray Davis spoke of the importance of guidance counselors, but, reflecting the differences in the men and their states, Virginia Governor Jim Gilmore ordered superintendents to report any potentially dangerous student to police immediately. School districts are alarmed by the governmental consternation. Just last week, 150 calls were directed to Russ Ebersole, who runs a small but

suddenly lucrative Bethesda, Md., firm that takes \$500 from schools to bring in Labrador retrievers that sniff out bombs and gunpowder. Even so, after the worst school massacre in this country's history, there must be something we can do. Right?

If crime in the classroom is an epidemic, it's like tuberculosis—one we basically control, with a few flare-ups every once in a while that beat the inoculation. Overall, school violence is *not* going up. Just 10 of every 1,000 students were the victims of serious violent crime at school in 1996. And while that's 10 too many, more than twice that number (26) were victims off campus. After the shootings that occurred in the 1997-98 school year, many districts tightened security. It's having an effect, according to the National School Safety Center: there were 42 deaths in the 1997-98 academic year, and just nine—before last Tuesday—this school year, which ends soon.

What has increased over the past five years is the multiple-victim, video-game-like rampages that led up to the Littleton abomination. They are the Ebola virus of schools—horrifyingly bloody, yes, but perhaps so determined that we can't devise general means to stop them. On Saturday, authorities in Texas announced that five 14-year-old boys had been charged with plotting a murderous assault on their junior high school. Since Littleton, dozens of copycat threats have popped up around the country. There are two categories of dealing with them: first, nurture more; second, crack down. The latter is embraced by security experts and frightened school employees. For these folks, even zero tolerance is somehow too much: they want lockdowns and detector dogs and strapped rent-a-cops to be a regular feature of school life. (President Clinton also said the Federal Government would provide more money for schools to hire police. For the record, however, Columbine High School's armed



cop couldn't do much to stop the shooters.)

Most schools blend the two approaches, to the extent that they can afford it. Trumbull High School in tony Trumbull, Conn., can afford a lot. The school has an armed, uniformed police officer at the entrance, and an 11-member team of counselors watches for warning signs and deals with problem kids. There are two guards inside, these in plainclothes; one of them,

3.5 Hours the typical adolescent spends alone today

11 Fewer hours children spend with parents each week, compared with the 1960s

721% Increase in number of minutes evening news spent covering homicide, 1993-96

HOOLS DO?



John Kichinko, wears Winnie-the-Pooh ties to keep kids at ease.

These measures put Trumbull on the cutting edge of safety, but even there, one gets the sense that prevention is as much a matter of luck as of planning. Last year a teacher happened to notice a student photocopying material about bombmaking. The teacher spread the word, and kids stepped forward to say the boy had downloaded

the info from the Web and was building a device. Police found a ready-to-detonate bomb in his locker. He was expelled.

Across the nation, the most common violence-prevention measures are the cheapest—and the easiest for a couple of well-armed outcasts to blast past. According to a study published last year in the journal *Urban Education*, the direct-prevention plan most commonly reported

by school administrators is to place teachers in hallways. Next come alternative schools, which lump the troubled kids together under one (ideally sturdy) roof; and finally, visitor registration.

The stark limits of such measures became clear after Jonesboro and Springfield and the rest, and many schools have added paranoia to their prevention plans. All bomb threats, at one time sifted for credibility, are taken seriously at most schools. After East Montpelier, Vt., canceled school seven times because of bomb threats, officials instituted a new policy: classes move outside when threats are called in, and trucks haul in lunch and Porta Potties.

Schools everywhere are experimenting with security measures developed in juvenile jails. Unmanned metal detectors—around which students can pass weapons—are out, and random checks with wand detectors are in. Urged on by the President, many schools have adopted uniforms—or at least require tucked-in shirts, which can't hide pistols. Some districts have purchased surveillance cameras or fancy fire alarms that guard against pranks.

But critics complain that such measures erase whatever fragile trust exists between students and administrators, making it less likely for kids to offer information about students on the edge. (Even at touchy-feely Trumbull, sophomore Mike Schubert notes the dangers: "You want to keep your mouth shut, or you might end up dead somewhere.") What's more, the high-tech gizmos probably couldn't have prevented any of the shootings of the past two years.

Real prevention is much harder; it means addressing the underlying causes of violence. The boys involved in last year's shootings shared three traits: they were estranged from family and classmates (in some cases owing to poorly treated mental illness); they had immersed themselves in a violent entertainment subculture; and they had ready access to guns.

Now, of course, we enter the uncertain and fraught territory of social change—the gun debate alone is already deafening—but not all the social advocates are woolly-headed. The awkwardly named group Fight Crime: Invest in Kids counts eight crime survivors and more than a dozen police chiefs on its advisory board, including former New York City police commissioner William Bratton. The Washington-based group's four-point plan is touchingly well meaning: 1) give kids something to do after school; 2) make sure young children have

8,000

Murders a child has seen in all media by the end of elementary school

300%

Increase in teen suicide since the 1960s

1,000%

Increase in depression among children since the 1950s

access to quality child care; 3) help schools identify troubled kids early and provide counseling for them; 4) prevent child abuse.

All are things that should be done in any case. But they are just the sort of pricey domestic programs we reward politicians for flaying. Consider that in the average school district, the harried psychologist must see 10 of his charges every day just to see each of his students once a year. In California, 50% of the schools don't even have guidance counselors. It's nearly impossible in such an environment to separate the kids tinkering with bombs in the garage from kids whose only offense is a love for Marilyn Manson.

So does anything work? Sort of. Dedicated mentors can make a difference, and—though they sound hopelessly mushy—programs that help bullies deal with frustration have been shown to reduce school violence. Schools that try very hard to connect to families and communities can find potentially destructive students earlier. Not surprisingly, the districts that have had the most success are the ones with schools in or near big cities, which have had to combat violence the longest. Five years ago, DeKalb County officials in Georgia were finding so many weapons on campus that they began a campaign to alert parents.

"We spoke at churches, community groups—and we stressed gun responsibility," says Garry McGiboney, who heads the system's disciplinary tribunal. "We'd tell them, 'If you think your kids don't know you have a gun, you're kidding yourself. Or if you think they don't know where that gun is, you're also kidding yourself.'"

DeKalb officials urge kids to warn them about troubled classmates, and a civic group gives \$100 rewards for students who tattle on weapons violators. Counselors look for bullies; dogs hunt for guns. DeKalb has this success to report: five years ago, it confiscated 76 weapons; this year, it confiscated "only" eight.

That may be the best schools can do. "The society outside our schools today means the unbelievable availability of weapons and the reinforcement of the violence culture by the media," says Jose Garcia, principal of a Florida middle school that had a fatal shooting in 1997. "No principal can shut that out of a school. Nobody can." —With reporting by Cathy Booth/Los Angeles, Leslie Everton Brice/Atlanta, Jodie Morse/Trumbull, Tim Padgett/Miami and Debra Philadelphia/New York



SYMPATHY CARDS Outside the Klebold home, friends leave their condolences

garage? The kid down the street was aware of it, and he's 10 years old.

So I wonder: Where the hell were the parents? And then, like most parents I know, I wonder: Where are the rest of us? Are we vigilant enough?

Most teenagers exist in a state of near constant mortification at the prospect of supervision by their parents. But surely a parent can risk his child's embarrassment, and his own discomfort, to get in his or her face a little bit. Surely we can manage to love them a little louder. To find the time to read their school papers, listen to their music, watch what they watch and get to know their friends. I have a memory of my mother, bless her, sitting at our dining-room table and reading the liner notes to *Thick as a Brick* the year my brother was 16 and deeply into Jethro Tull.

Every parent knows that raising children requires bicycle helmets, Beanie Babies, notebook paper, prayers, skill, the grace of God and plain dumb luck. But what many of us don't ever come to grips with is this: we must take responsibility for the world our children inhabit. We make the world for them. We give it to them. And if we fail them, they will break our hearts 10 different ways.

So far, the only people assuming any kind of recognizable parental responsibility for the shootings in Colorado are some of the parents of the victims. In his anguish, Michael Shoels, father of 18-year-old Isaiah, wonders aloud if there is anything he might have done to get between his son and the killers. But, no, Mr. Shoels, it's not your fault. You did your job. You knew him well. Your son knew that life isn't a video game. He was in the library working on a research paper when he was killed.

Amy Dickinson

Where Were the Parents?

Could they not notice their kids' rage? Could you?

AS MUCH AS WE'VE READ AND HEARD ABOUT ERIC HARRIS AND DYLAN KLEBOLD, WE know very little about their family life. We know even less about their parents. But we do know that these two high school boys sent up flares advertising their anger and alienation, but these signs were either ignored or dismissed.

Since last Tuesday, an army of experts has marched through our living rooms to educate us on the signals our children send before they fly off the rails. Does your child show an unusual interest in guns? Is he a bully? Does he have violent fantasies? Does your child seem sad or depressed? If so, he may be in trouble, and a parent should intervene immediately. When I hear this I think: Well, duh. And I wonder: Where were these kids' parents?

Maybe Eric and Dylan suffered from some organic psychosis that even the most loving and attentive parents couldn't cure. Maybe the signs that seem so obvious to us now, in retrospect, were well obscured in the Harris and Klebold homes.

Teenagers are good at hiding their true selves—or the selves they're trying out this month—behind the "grandma face" they wear when they're trotted out to see the relatives. Behind that pleasant mask there can be volumes of bad poetry, body piercings and tattoos.

But is it possible for parents to miss homicidal rage? I can't help asking: Where were the Harrises and Klebolds when their sons were watching *Natural Born Killers* over and over? Have the parents seen that movie? Have they ever played Doom and the other blood-soaked computer games that occupied their children? Did these "educated professionals" take a look at the hate-filled website their kids created?

Were the Harrises aware of the pipe-bomb factory that was in their two-car

garage? The kid down the street was aware of it, and he's 10 years old.

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Dickinson is a new TIME contributor. She also writes a column for America Online



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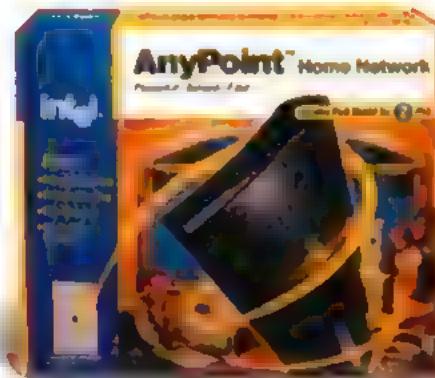
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VIGIL: Two athletes and their girlfriends sit a service for Columbine victims.

A CURSE OF CLIQUES

There are good reasons to form tight-knit groups. But in America's high schools, they can be harsh

By ADAM COHEN

WHEN THE SHOOTING FINALLY stopped at Columbine High School, and students ran out of their hiding places to safety, some of the most hulking male students had stripped off their shirts. They weren't posing for the cameras. Word had spread through the school that the "Trench Coat Mafia" was hunting for athletes, and at Columbine a polo shirt—and a white baseball cap—marked the wearer as a jock.

It was the first day in Columbine history that it was dangerous to be a jock—and that kind of humiliation may have been just what the killers had in mind. Video games and the easy availability of guns may have contributed to the Littleton horror. But what role did the ingrained cliquishness of American high schools play? Part of the

story is old: the embittered outcasts against the popular kids on campus. But what kind of new conflagrations should we expect if the Revenge of the Nerds can now be played out to the firing of semiautomatics?

In the movie version of the 1950s, schools split into two camps: the fresh-scrubbed kids (frats, preppies) and the leather-clad rebels (hoods, greasers). It's more complicated these days. Columbine's 1,935 students look a lot alike—mostly white, well off and primed for success. But students have no trouble ticking off a startling number of cliques—jocks, hockey kids (a separate group), preppies, stoners, gang-bangers (gang-member wannabes), skaters (as in skateboarders) and, as they say, nerds. Other high schools have variations on these themes. California has its surfer cliques, and Austin High School in Texas has the hicks—or kickers—who show up at

school in cowboy boots, big hats and oversize belt buckles.

It's a cliché that jocks and cheerleaders rule, but it is largely true. While others plod through high school, they glide: their exploits celebrated in pep rallies and recorded in the school paper and in trophy cases. "The jocks and the cheerleaders, yes, have the most clout," says Blake McConnell, a student at Sprayberry High School near Atlanta. "They get out of punishment—even with the police. Joe Blow has a wreck and has been drinking, and he gets the book thrown at him. The quarterback gets busted, and he gets a lighter sentence."

At the other extreme are the Trench Coat Mafias of the world—the kids on the margins. Each school has its own brand of outsiders with their own names—nerds, freaks, punks, ravers. And each group has its own way of standing out. At Atlanta's Sprayberry, says sophomore Shawn Cotter, "the outcasts are mainly people who dress up differently, guys who wear make-up and dress in feminine ways, people who wear black leather and chains."

But high school outcasts have moved beyond the chess club and the audio-visual squad. Now they are wearing black T shirts, trench coats and hard-kicking Doc Martens.

Many are also wearing face powder and black eyeliner. "A lot of it is just a front—a mass cry for attention," says McConnell. "Mostly there's nothing behind it."

Still, the worst of high school fringe groups do seem more disturbed than in the past. The awkward kids aren't just smiling inappropriately during science-lab frog dissections. Some high schools have white supremacist cliques. Then there are groups like the Straight Edge, a presence at schools like Salt Lake City's Kearns High School. They are puritanical punkers who are anti-drug, anti-alcohol, and anti-tobacco—and they are violent. If you smoke or drink in their presence, some Straight Edgers will attack you with a baseball bat.

The so-called good cliques can do just as much as the outsiders to foment trouble. There really is a *Lord of the Flies* dynamic at work among kids. Even nice kids seem to spend a lot of time being cruel to their less socially prominent peers. Social science literature is filled with the gritty details—categorized under headings like "the spiral of rejection." Patti and Peter Adler, sociologists who do field research on cliques, found that a 17-year-old girl in one group they observed could raise her status by getting a boy to spend money on her and break up with another girl for her—and then dump him. Another clique member told a researcher that "one of the main things to do is to keep picking on unpopular kids because it's just fun to do."

The dynamics between cliques are often very raw, particularly for the groups at the extremes of the social spectrum: jocks and outcasts. Even at the relatively well-integrated Liberty High School in Bethlehem, Pa., it is not unheard of for the punks—who often sport black clothing, tattoos and spiky hair—to be taunted in the hallways. "They call 'em dirty, say stuff like 'Why don't you bathe?'" says a student. Often it is the athletes who dish out the abuse. Haakon Espeland, 14, switched out of Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton High, where he was one of the "freaks." The reason he fled: a stream of abuse, starting on his first day at school, when "all these huge people beat on me, basically for being there."

Adolescents are psychologically fragile, and mistreatment from schoolmates leaves deep wounds. Sometimes, says Augustana University education professor Larry Brendtro, "kids who feel powerless and rejected are capable of doing horrible things." Jason Sanchez, 15, a student at Phoenix's Mountain Pointe High School, understands why Harris and Klebold snapped: "If you go to school, and people make fun of you every day, and you don't have friends, it drives you to insanity."

There is probably no way to stop high schools from breaking down into cliques. We may be hardwired for it. As early as preschool, researchers have found, kids begin rejecting other kids. And even in kindergarten, children have a good idea which of their classmates are popular and which are not. But schools can take the edge off the situation through inclusiveness. "I can't remember ever going to a pep rally and having the skaters show off their talents," says Curtis Cook, a parent at Phoenix's Desert Vista High School. Says New York City psychoanalyst Leon Hoffman: "All kids need to belong, and if they can't belong in a positive way at the school, they'll find a way to belong

to a marginal group like a cult or a gang."

The Columbine High shootings seem to have given at least some cliques around the country pause. At Trumbull High School in Connecticut, the Goths have stopped wearing their trademark trench coats. And students in more mainstream cliques may be a little more cautious about taunting students who don't fit in—if only out of an instinct for self-preservation. "I'm not going to talk about them anymore," says Nathalie Kirnon, a Trumbull freshman. "They might do it here." —Reported by Harriet Barwick, Desa Philadelphia and Elaine Rivera/New York, Laura Laughlin/Phoenix, Jodie Morse/Trumbull and David Nordan/Atlanta

We're Goths and Not Monsters

IN ANY OTHER WEEK, THE DISCLAIMER ON THE DOOR OF INKUBUS HABERdashery, a Gothic fashion store in Miami's Coconut Grove district, would have seemed as out of place as the boutique itself. THE GOTHIC COMMUNITY IN NO WAY CONDONES THE USE OF VIOLENCE, it read. WE ARE APPALLED BY THE KILLINGS AND BY THE INFERENCE THAT THE MURDERERS BELONGED TO OUR CULTURE. Inside, owner Malaise Graves lamented the spotlight the Littleton killings had suddenly thrown on Goth culture. "I'm afraid this violent stereotyping of us is only going to get worse now," she sighed.



DEAD WRONG: Goths like Alejandro, shown in his L.A. coffin, resent being linked with the killings

identify with. "We romanticize the darkness of humanity," says Peter Stover, 21, a photography major at Chicago's Columbia College, who has midnight blue hair and regulation pale skin. "We're creatures of the night."

The current manifestation of Gothic culture began with the British punk scene in the early '80s. Bands like Bauhaus, Siouxsie and the Banshees, and Joy Division created the atmospheric doom-rock sound. A clothing style evolved that was part Johnny Rotten, part Anne Rice and all black. Acolytes sometimes took an interest (purely academic) in subjects such as Satanism and blood drinking, which ensured this was one rebellion that would never enter the mainstream. In the '90s shock rockers like Manson appropriated the image and blurred the lines—until any shaggy-haired, trench-coat-wearing teen could be considered a Goth by his peers. —By Chris Taylor. With reporting by Wendy Cole/Chicago and Tim Padgett/Miami

The initial assumption that Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold were Goths—simply because they wore black trench coats, painted their fingernails black and listened to Marilyn Manson music—got real Goths everywhere hot under the black leather collar. "Teenagers tend to go after the most powerful images they can," explains Seth Baker, a Los Angeles Goth. "They put together a lot of images." Real Goths have nothing to do with violence.

Still, if Klebold and Harris were wolves in Goth's clothing, there was plenty to

Lance Morrow

Coming to Clarity About Guns

Are we witnessing a cultural shift that says gunmakers are to blame?

AN ITEM NEGLECTED IN THE rush of the week's news: it was revealed that Russell Eugene Weston Jr., who stormed the U.S. Capitol last summer, killing two police officers, did it because he feared being contaminated by "Black Heva," a blight that he considered "the deadliest disease known to mankind." Black Heva (which exists only in Weston's mind) spreads by way of the rotting flesh of cannibals' victims; Weston shot the policemen because they were cannibals preventing him from getting to the "ruby satellite," a device that is the key to halting Heva-breeding cannibalism.

Evil on paper looks impressive (one of mankind's most important words, invested with the dignity of mystery and theology). But evil in actuality, when it touches down on earth like a tornado for a moment—as it did in Weston's visit to the Capitol, or last week in Littleton—may have a style so tacky, so moronic or so indelibly crazy that it gives off a radiant tabloid weirdness. This almost novelistic sheen of the loony makes the tragedies curiously hard to evaluate. The evil effect is evident—innocent blood everywhere; the cause, in the case of Littleton anyway, remains obscure. Evil is, after all, a mystery. The uniqueness of individual evils owes something to chaos theory. Perhaps we should not try to explain something like the shootings but should sit very still, and pray, and await the arrival of clarity.

Nah. We all begin chattering at once: American society in the late '90s is a busy chat room set up for just this kind of thing (Oklahoma City, O.J.), with noisy experts on tap, interrupting one another from different quadrants of the screen. We round up the usual suspects—in the current case, our cretinous popular culture; the Internet, with its rancid cul-de-sacs; violent movies; idiot television; vicious rap; ubiquitous sex. One high school counselor cast a wide net on MSNBC: "It's all those things, ekcedra, ekcedra, ekcedra." The "ekcedra" includes adolescence itself, a form of tem-



porary insanity that in America is rendered even crazier by all of the above.

But the massacre in Colorado did raise a serious issue, yet again: gun control. Newspapers all over the world published sanctimonious editorials about the "American gun culture." The National Rifle Association went on sensitivity alert; in a rare moment of self-effacement it canceled the festive public events and gun show planned around its annual meeting, but not the meeting itself, which by coincidence is scheduled for this week in Denver.

The anti-gun forces took some energy from public outrage over the shootings. California's assembly approved a bill designed to limit handgun sales. The gun lobby in Colorado had been expecting to get passage of three bills (to loosen restrictions on concealed-weapons permits, to ban local lawsuits against manufacturers and to pre-empt local ordinances on firearms). State legislators quickly withdrew two of

them, and Governor Bill Owens promised to veto the third. Earlier in April, Missouri voters defeated a referendum to lift a constitutional ban on concealed weapons. So far this year, New Mexico, Kansas and Nebraska have defeated bills that would allow concealed weapons. The struggle goes on, state by state.

We may be witnessing the beginning of one of those tectonic shifts in our culture and morality: the terror haunting the gun industry is the precedent of tobacco. At some point in the last couple of generations, smoking became disreputable in American life—a sort of moral consensus formed. If juries were to start awarding damages to cities, or to individual gunshot victims, extracting millions from gun manufacturers, or at least forcing them to mount expensive defenses in hundreds of suits, then it is possible that the N.R.A. and other defenders of the gun might abandon their cold-dead-hand absolutism and begin to compromise a little. At least one Brooklyn jury has already issued a warning: last February it ordered three gun com-

panies to pay a young gunshot victim \$500,000 after finding that they had engaged in the "negligent distribution" of their product.

If N.R.A. president Charlton Heston had a cannier sense of public relations, he would knock himself out campaigning to stop the sale of semiautomatic weapons, ban armor-piercing bullets and do all possible to keep firearms away from criminals, children and psychotics. He would legitimize his own case by pre-empting the best ideas of the other side.

I live on a farm and own four long guns. I learned to shoot when I was 10 years old, under the tutelage of the N.R.A. It was not a flawless education: when I was 13, I nearly blew a friend's head off, by accident, with his father's .38 revolver. (I was lucky enough to be permitted to learn a lesson the hard way; my friend was plain lucky.) I find that I sympathize with both the gun culture and the anti-gun culture. I do wish the gun culture were a lot more intelligent. ■

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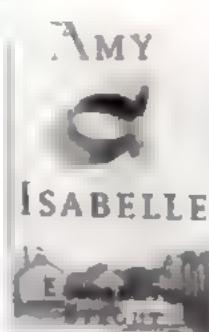
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BANG, YOU'RE DEAD

Revenge fantasies are proliferating in movies and on TV. But should they be blamed for Littleton?

By RICHARD CORLISS

THE YOUNG AND THE OLDER ALWAYS EYE one another across a gaping chasm. Gray heads shake in perplexity, even in a week of mourning, even over the mildest expressions of teen taste. Fashion, for example. Here are these nice kids from suburban Denver, heroically documenting the tragedy for TV, and they all seem to belong to the Church of Wearing Your Cap Backward. A day later, as the teens grieve en masse, oldsters ask, "When we were kids, would we have worn sweats and jeans to a memorial service for our friends?" And of course the trench-coat killers had their own distinctive clothing: Johnny Cash by way of Quentin Tarantino. Should we blame the Columbine massacre on haberdashery?

No, but many Americans want to pin the blame for this and other agonizing splatter fests on pop culture. Adults look at the revenge fantasies their kids see in the 'plexes, listen (finally) to the more extreme music, glance over their kids' shoulders at Druid websites and think, "Seems repulsive to me. Maybe pop culture pulled the trigger."

Who wouldn't want to blame self-pro-

claimed Antichrist superstar Marilyn Manson? Listen to *Lunchbox*, and get the creeps: "The big bully try to stick his finger in my chest/Try to tell me, tell me he's the best/But I don't really give a good goddamn cause/I got my lunchbox and I'm armed real well.../Next motherf--- gonna get my metal/... Pow pow pow." Not quite *Stardust*.

Sift through teen movies of the past 10 years, and you could create a hindsight game plan for Littleton. Peruse *Heathers* (1989), in which a charming sociopath engineers the death of jocks and princesses. Study carefully, as one of the Columbine murderers reportedly did, *Natural Born Killers* (1994), in which two crazy kids cut a carnage swath through the Southwest as the media ferociously dog their trail. Sample *The Basketball Diaries* (1995), in which druggy high schooler Leonardo DiCaprio daydreams of strutting into his homeroom in a long black coat and gunning down his hated teacher and half the kids. *The Rage: Carrie 2* (now in theaters) has jocks viciously taunting outsiders until one girl kills herself by jumping off the high school roof and another wreaks righteous revenge by using her telekinetic powers to pulverize a couple dozen kids.

Grownups can act out revenge fantasies too. In *Payback*, Mel Gibson dishes it out (pulls a ring out of a punk's nose, shoots his rival's face off through a pillow) and takes it (gets punched, switch-bladed, shot and, ick, toe-hammered). *The Matrix*, the first 1999 film to hit \$100 million at the box office, has more kung fu than gun fu but still brandishes an arsenal of firepower in its tale of outsiders against the Internet droids.

In Littleton's wake, the culture industry has gone cautious. CBS pulled an episode of *Promised Land* because of a plot about a shooting in front of a Denver school. The WB has postponed a *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* episode with a schoolyard-massacre motif. Movie-studio honchos, who furiously resist labeling some serious adult films FOR ADULTS ONLY, went mum last week when asked to comment on any connection between violent movies and violent teen behavior. That leaves us to explain things.

Revenge dramas are as old as *Medea* (she tore her sons to pieces), as hallowed as *Hamlet* (seven murders), as familiar as *The Godfather*. High drama is about the conflict between shades of good and evil, often within the same person. But it's easier to dream up a scenario of slavering evil and imperishable good. This is the moral and commercial equation of melodrama: the greater the outrage suffered, the greater the justification for revenge. You grind me down at first; I grind you up at last. This time it's personal.

Fifty years ago, movies were homogeneous, meant to appeal to the whole family.

Now pop culture has been Balkanized; it is full of niches, with different groups watching and playing their own things. And big movies, the ones that grab \$20 million on their first weekend, are guy stuff. Young males consume violent movies, in part, for the same reason they groove to outlaw music: because their parents can't understand it—or stand it. To kids, an R rating for violence is like the Parental Advisory on CDs: a Good Housebreaking Seal of Approval.

The cultural gap, though, is not just between old and young. It is between the haves and the self-perceived have-nots of teen America. Recent teen films, whether romance or horror, are really about class warfare. In each movie, the cafeteria is like a tiny former Yugoslavia, with each clique its own faction: the Serbian jocks, Bosnian bikers, Kosovar rebels, etc. And the horror movies are a microcosm of ethnic cleansing.

Movies may glamorize mayhem while serving as a fantasy safety valve. A steady diet of megaviolence may coarsen the young psyche—but some films may instruct it. *Heathers* and *Natural Born Killers* are crystal-clear satires on psychopathy, and *The Basketball Diaries* is a mordant portrait of drug addiction. *Payback* is a grimly synoptic parody of all gangster films. In three weeks, 15 million people have seen *The Matrix* and not gone berserk. And *Carrie 2* is a crappy remake of a 1976 hit that led to no murders.

Flash: movies don't kill people. Guns kill people. "What's more troubling," asks Steve Tisch, producer of *Forrest Gump* and *American History X*, "a kid with a sawed-off shotgun or a kid with a cassette of *The Basketball Diaries*? It's not just movies. Lots of other wires have to short before a kid goes out and does something like this. It's a piece of a much bigger, more complex puzzle."

Some images in recent films are both repellent and (the tricky part) exciting. Some song lyrics express a rage that's not easy to take as irony. And, yes, a movie or song or TV show may inspire some sick twist to earn satanic stardom with a gun. But most kids deserve the respect their parents wanted when they were kids: to be able to consume bits of pop culture and decide on their own whether it's poetry, entertainment or junk.

There is a lapse in parental logic that goes from "I don't get it" to "It must be evil," and from that to "It makes kids evil." Today, moms and dads gaze at the withdrawn souls across the kitchen-table chasm. They see what their kids wear; they may know what their kids see. But, in another Manson lyric, they "fail to see the anguish in my eyes." Parents should try looking into their kids' eyes. If they do, and do more, they might even "see the tragic/ Turnin' into magic." —With reporting by David E. Thigpen/New York

DIGITAL DUNGEONS

Gory fantasy beckons to kids from websites and video games. It can be playful. But often it's hateful

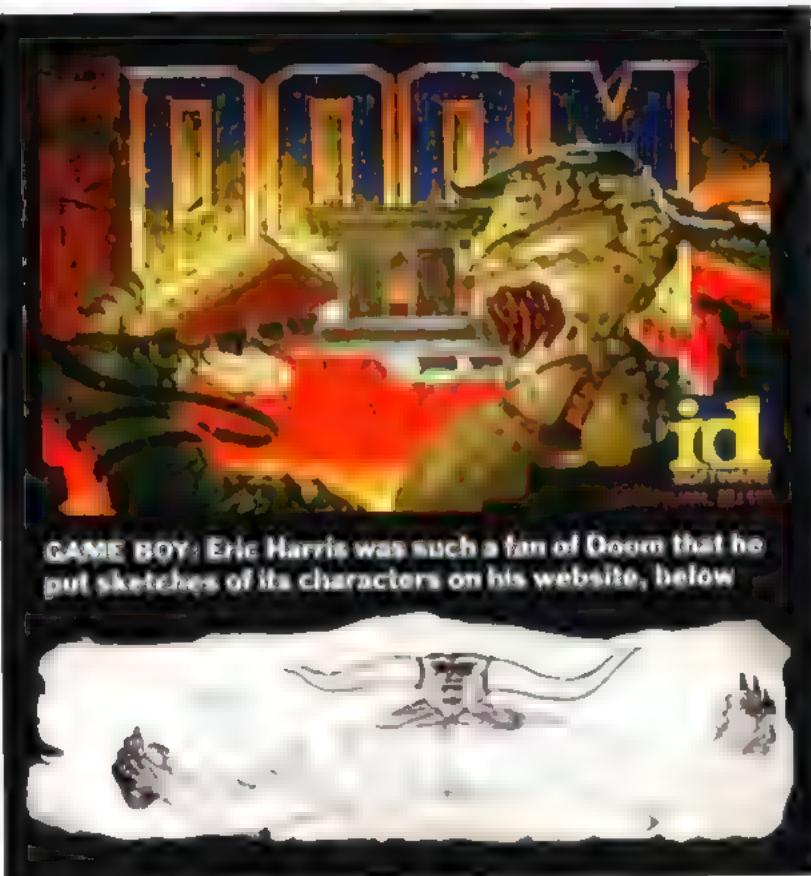
IT'S LATE 1998—LONG BEFORE THE phrase Columbine school shooting enters your lexicon—and you're a researcher at a hate-group-monitoring center. Your job is to trawl the Web, surf literally thousands of "anarchy" links and make a note of the really nasty ones. One day you stumble across a high school student's website that contains a lot of hateful teen posturing and some plug-ins for a best-selling violent computer game. Do you bookmark it?

The answer is no—at least, not for researchers at the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, who came across Eric Har-

works, players wander through claustrophobic corridors in a terrifyingly real first-person perspective, blasting the guts out of their enemies with a blistering array of weaponry. "You can actually set the gore level on some of [these games]," notes Jeff Inman, a specialist in youth intervention in Cobb County, Ga. "How much blood do you want to see splattered? It's sickening. It gives kids a lack of respect for life."

Even more ominous is when the games go beyond serving up generic gore and start trafficking in fantasies of bias crimes. There are video games out there that make *Doom*

look like an art-house flick. For example, white supremacists can stage virtual lynchings with a game called *Hang Leroy*, clandestinely available on Klan sites. Racist versions of *Doom* also exist, with a plug-in that changes the color of the victims. "Hate is available in many flavors on the Internet," says Raymond Franklin, a Maryland police executive and publisher of the *Hate Directory*. He says that neo-Nazis could take advantage of what was until recently a largely young white male audience online—a fertile recruiting ground. Rabbi Cooper too is worried about such groups' having "unassailable full-time access to America's young people in the most powerful cultural



GAME BOY: Eric Harris was such a fan of *Doom* that he put sketches of its characters on his website, below

ris' home page on America Online some six months ago but didn't include it on their CD-ROM directory of hate sites. "It didn't have explicit threats against any individual or institution," explains the center's associate dean, Rabbi Abraham Cooper. "We see very, very ominous websites regularly—by the hundreds."

AOL yanked Harris' site within hours of last week's shooting, preserving its contents for an FBI investigation. But copies were already circulating across cyberspace—along with a few sick hoaxes—and their contents made many folks eager to blame the Internet for this tragedy. Others pointed to violent video games, particularly *Doom* and *Quake*, Harris' favorites. In these seminal

medium ever created."

And yet there is no way of calculating how much of a role was played by propaganda and video games in Harris and Dylan Klebold's killing spree. *Quake* and its ilk may have helped desensitize a generation—but you're blasting cyborgs, not classmates, and you're certainly not constructing pipe bombs. Harris' online essay on how to make these devices suggests that he made most of his discoveries through trial and error, not on the Net. The computer age may be giving kids a new outlet for their dark fantasies, but that hardly means it is turning them into killers.

—By Chris Taylor. With reporting by David Nordan/Atlanta, Elaine Shannon/Washington and James Withworth/Los Angeles

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Andrew Ferguson

What Politicians Can't Do

They chose soul searching over easy fixes. But should they do the parenting?

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN POLITICS seems a grand calling, but the eruption of evil among schoolchildren isn't one of them, and so a curious and altogether appropriate quiet settled over American politicians in the wake of the nightmare at Columbine High. Not absolute silence, mind you—there's only so much we can expect of our politicians—but quiet: a kind of humility that suggested they knew they had come up against the limits of their trade.

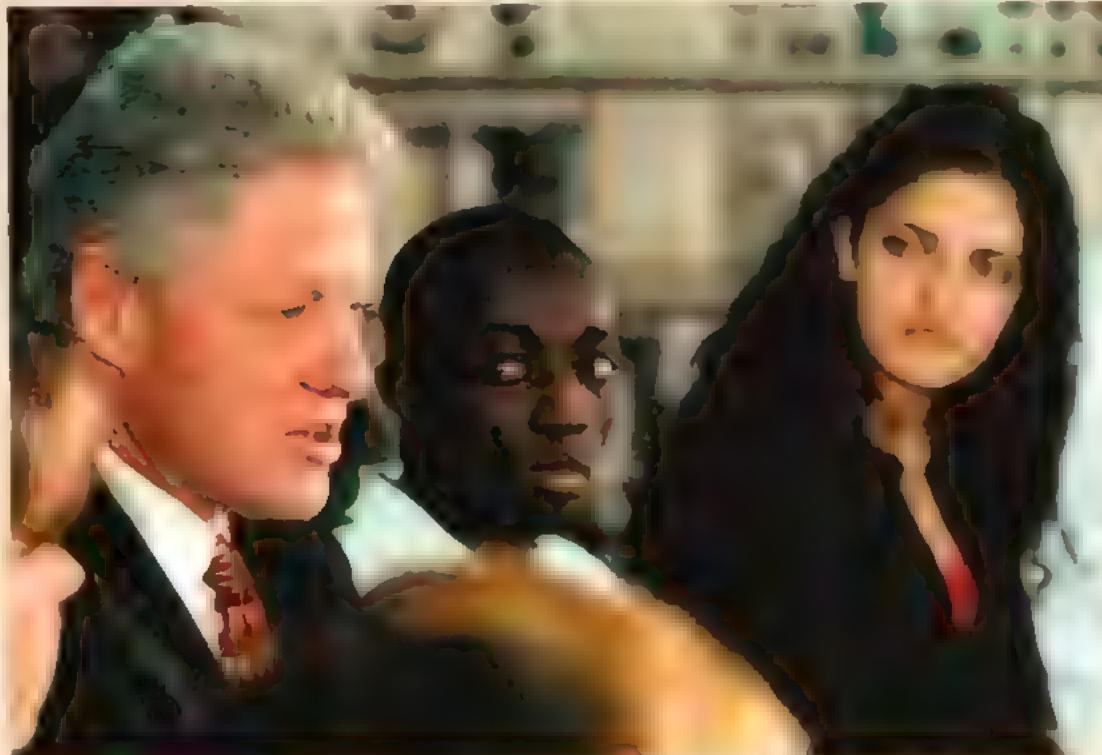
The response of Richard Gephardt was typical. As ranking Democrat in the House of Representatives, Gephardt felt compelled to release a statement, but there was about his words something wan and attenuated. "Ultimately," he said, "the answer will not be found in state legislatures or in the halls of Congress. The answer lies somewhere in the hopelessness and the hateful hearts of the children who have lost their way." Gephardt is an activist liberal, a voluptuary of governmental solutions, so his concession carries an interesting significance. You saw it from the political right too. "There's not a magic wand you can wave," said Gary Bauer, a conservative activist who coincidentally launched his presidential campaign the day after the Littleton murders. Even Pat Buchanan, after firing off a few half-hearted rounds at the "poison of our popular culture," could offer little more than a shake of the head. "There was something sick and wrong inside those boys," he said. "I don't know how to stop it."

As always, it was President Clinton, the most finely tuned politician of the age and the bully pulpit's current occupant, who best captured the prevailing political tone. From global warming to lagging test scores, from car safety seats to unmet alimony payments, the President is quick to launch a program for any problem, no matter how obscure, with three points or five points or seven—the more points the better. And, yes, he did urge school boards to apply for

federal grants that would put armed police officers in schools. But in the face of the carnage, he mostly dropped the wonkery and assumed the role of National Grief Counselor. "It is very important to explain to children, all over America, what has happened," he said, "and to reassure our own children that they are safe." If anyone thought it odd that the government's chief executive officer was advising parents on what to whisper to their children as they tucked them in at night, nobody said so. Under the circumstances, the President's

language is drawn more often from the lexicon of pop psychology than from traditional politics. In announcing his candidacy, Dan Quayle said, "You know, even though we are No. 1, we know that something is missing. Something fundamentally isn't quite there." And where is there? Bill Bradley has an answer: "For starters we can look deeper into the soul of America," he said last week, "to peel back the layers of denial and defense" that obscure our national dialogue. And Republican candidate John Kasich too speaks frankly of "saving the soul of America."

This is more than platitude, or, more accurately, it is a new kind of platitude. It represents at once a new humility and a new hubris on the part of pols: a recognition on the one hand that some difficulties are not susceptible to the manipulation of public policy and, on the other, a determination that they will come to our rescue anyway. With so much going so right in the U.S.—with the creation of fabulous wealth, with falling rates of divorce and crime and abortion—politicians are aching to stay in the game. You are well ad-



THERAPIST IN CHIEF Clinton offered comfort to Virginia high schoolers last week and advised parents on how to talk to their children about the Littleton tragedy

words seemed tasteful and well chosen.

This is something new in American politics, but it didn't start with Littleton. It has been in train for many months or maybe longer, and it crosses party lines. A bipartisan consensus—that holy grail of establishmentarians everywhere—has been reached that politicians can no longer concern themselves merely, even primarily, with the workaday stuff of politics: marginal tax rates, crime control, defense expenditures, environmental and labor laws, the international balance of power. Our politicians are transcending politics. They are turning their attention, for better or for worse, to matters of the human heart.

Consider, if you can force yourself to do so 19 months before the election, the current roster of presidential candidates. When they lapse into the hortatory mode,

vised not to dwell on the many contradictions—how it is, for example, that politicians who for years promised to keep government out of our bedrooms now see fit to invite their way into our souls. They have cast themselves as empaths; soul fixing is their job.

Nearly 25 years ago, Jimmy Carter got elected by promising to create a government as good and decent as the American people. Our current candidates seem to be promising the reverse: to make the American people as good and decent as the political class that tries to lead them. I am not sure this is an improvement. But politics is a market-tested enterprise, and politicians respond to the demands of their consumers. Their bet is that America today wants a Therapist in Chief. Another horror like Littleton, and they may be right. ■



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MCCAIN'S BLUNT TALK has boosted fund raising and intrigued party activists

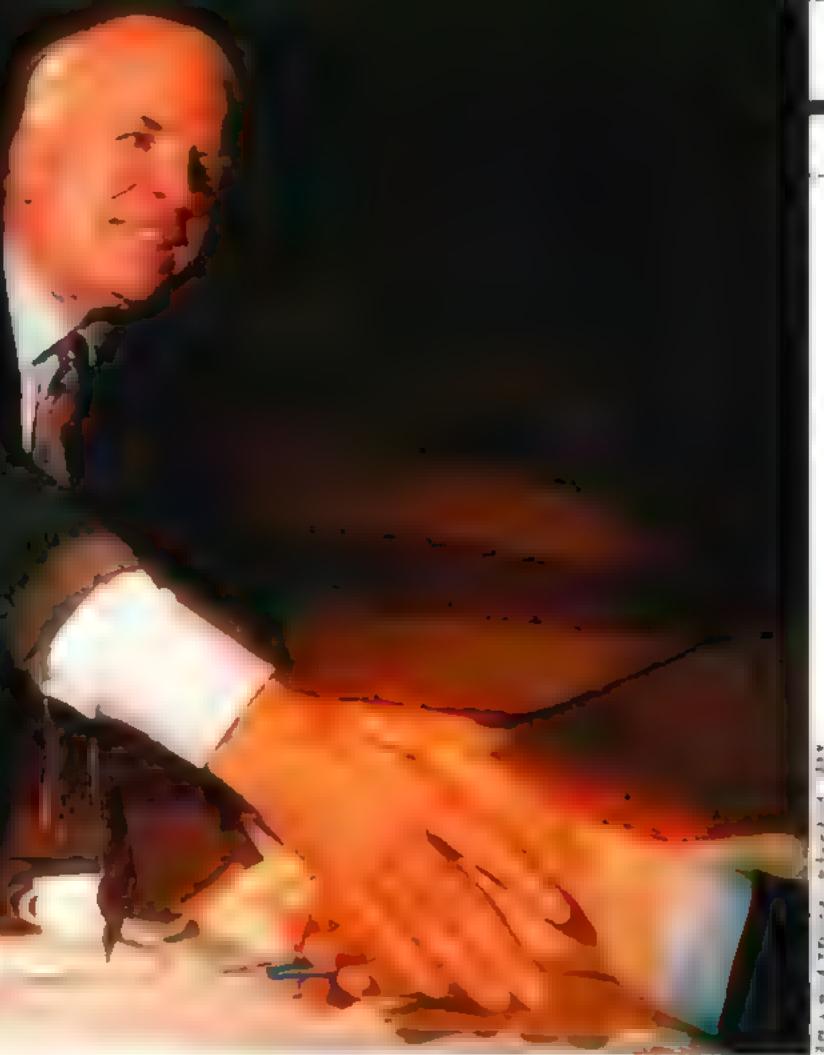
earned him more bruises than badges of honor. He's known mostly for his unsuccessful efforts to reform the nation's campaign-finance laws and to curtail teenage smoking, both of which infuriated party leaders and rankled many of McCain's colleagues. And the Senator's long battle against pork-barrel spending has earned him few friends on Capitol Hill. "I don't believe I'm going to win Miss Congeniality," the Senator told TIME recently. "But I also don't think this campaign is going to be decided by the endorsements of Congressmen, Senators and Governors."

It will be decided, however, by Republican primary voters, who are inclined to care more about cutting taxes or preventing abortions than they do about banning soft money or saving the Kosovar Albanians. And that may be a problem for McCain. Asked what he learned from Bob Dole's failed campaign in 1996, in which Dole listlessly touted a 15% across-the-board income-tax cut, McCain replies, "If you don't believe in it, don't say it. And if you do believe in it, say it with some passion." And sure enough, when McCain talks about the "corruption" caused by the way campaigns are financed, he is all passion: his eyes burn; his voice is clear; and his words flow unchecked by calculation. He is excited too when he rails against popular ethanol subsidies in ethanol-dependent Iowa or preaches the value of ethnic diversity in

lily-white New Hampshire. But ask him about the rest of his message, and McCain dutifully recites a list of issues he says "resonate" with voters: "lower taxes, smaller government, less regulation, Social Security [and] Medicare." His heart just doesn't seem in it.

For now, McCain's best asset is the story of his own harrowing treatment at the hands of the North Vietnamese, which not only lends credibility to his call for all-out war against Milosevic but also weighs on the mind of any rival who might question his integrity. On the floor of the Senate last week, McCain declared he would share the responsibility for American lives lost in a ground war

against Serbia. "But," he went on, "I would rather face that sad burden than hide from my conscience because I sought an ambiguous political position to seek shelter behind." Words like those have given McCain the beginning of a presidential sheen. ■



The McCain Moment

Sure, he can talk tough on Kosovo and campaign reform. But can he ignite passion on other issues?

By JAMES CARNEY WASHINGTON

EARLY THIS YEAR, AFTER HE HAD MADE up his mind to run for President, John McCain joked about what had motivated his decision. Perhaps, as his wife Cindy kept telling him, the impulse was the result of "too many sharp blows to the head while I was in prison," a reference to his 5½ years as a POW in Hanoi. But win or lose, said McCain more seriously, his run for the presidency would help remind Americans that "the world is still a very dangerous place. After the past six years, we need a President who can demonstrate leadership in foreign policy."

That was in January, when Senator John McCain of Arizona was as unknown to most Americans as a place called Kosovo. But since the NATO air assault against Yugoslavia began five weeks ago, McCain, a 62-year-old former Navy pilot and Vietnam War hero, has won attention and praise as the candidate who didn't hesitate to call for considering the use of ground troops and who criticized the Clinton Administration for squeamishly "trying to avoid war while waging one." His blunt talk was in such demand that his staff lost track of the number of Kosovo-related TV appearances the Senator had made after the first week of the conflict.

The performance is paying off where it counts. In Iowa, site of the first presidential

caucuses next February, the Des Moines Register ran an editorial on Kosovo and the various candidates under the headline **MCCAIN 1, OTHERS 0**. And in New Hampshire, where McCain hopes the state's famously independent-minded Republicans will reward his independence, a poll last week showed him leapfrogging over some of the lower-tier G.O.P. candidates into third place behind front runners George W. Bush and Elizabeth Dole. The result has been a boost in direct-mail fund-raising receipts and a spike in interest among activists in key states. Until a few weeks ago, Pete Spaulding, a Republican who serves on New Hampshire's state executive council, was considering supporting Bush. Last week he went with McCain. "He doesn't say what other people want to hear," Spaulding explained. "He says what he thinks is right, and I admire that."

But is there more to McCain than his plainspoken realism in foreign affairs? To become the natural alternative to Bush, McCain will have to compete on domestic turf, and here his favorite issues have



WHY HE'S NOT

HIS VIETNAM CREDENTIALS, WARTIME GRAVITAS AND NO-BULL STYLE make him a perfect antidote to Clinton

WHY HE'S NOT

FOREIGN POLICY EXPERIENCE AND CAMPAIGN-FINANCE REFORM DON'T QUICKEEN THE HEARTS OF PRIMARY VOTERS

IT'S FLIGHT OR FIGHT

As planners study a ground war, NATO unleashes ever more violent air attacks

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 12, BILL Clinton made peace with his Yugoslav war. He was nearly three weeks deep into the air campaign by then, but for two hours he listened to participants at a White House conference chew over a familiar topic, "The Perils of Indifference." As Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel spoke passionately about Franklin Roosevelt's righteous leadership in a war against evil, Clinton leaned forward, totally absorbed. "You could tell he was thinking about his own war in Kosovo," says a friend who was there, adding, "The President and Hillary really pay attention to Elie." So when Wiesel concluded that he was proud that "this time the world was not silent" about the crimes against humanity in Kosovo, Clinton felt certain that in the 1999 choice between civilization and barbarism, he too was engaged in a just war.

Trouble is, few people disagree with the moral imperative of a war grounded in humanitarian principles. Milosevic's relentless pogrom in Kosovo ensures that. But from Day One, NATO's promise of victory by air power has seemed a limp match for the human costs of the campaign. And as the political leader who got the West into this war, Clinton is charged with the responsibility to make it work.

That's why last weekend's NATO summit loomed as such a defining moment. When Clinton invited the 42 members and partners of NATO to Washington for a 50th birthday party, he envisaged a glittering capstone to his diplomatic legacy, grandly positioning the alliance as the bigger, broader 21st century mainstay of pan-European security. Instead he found him-

self presiding over a council of war. Those who feared that the decision to forgo ground troops from the start is dooming the allied cause set up a clamor for NATO to reconsider. A month after firing off its first cruise missiles, NATO—and Bill Clinton—faced decisions with profound implications for the mark both will leave on history. Should NATO escalate? Had the time come to get ready for a ground war?

THE PEACE OPTIONS



FAINT HOPE Dovish NATO diplomats are hoping Russia's Chernomyrdin can talk Milosevic into a deal. It's a tough sell



SCHMOOZING Blair is a charming hawk, but he hasn't yet sold Clinton on the idea of an alliance ground thrust

The faint hope that NATO could negotiate a quick way out still beat in some hearts. Clinton "supposed" something useful might come of former Russian Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin's efforts, but once the terms of Milosevic's summit-eve offer to contemplate some international peacekeeping force emerged, they were no more acceptable than his previous overtures. The allies would still love to have Moscow mediate a settlement as a way to bring it back into partnership with the West.

That left NATO free to concentrate on shaping a new fighting strategy. The moment he arrived, British Prime Minister Tony Blair slapped the central issue on the table. If Milosevic and ethnic cleansing are to be defeated, he said, then NATO had to muster all the military means that it may require. Including ground troops. "All options are always kept under review," Blair repeated over and over. "Milosevic does not have a veto on what we do."

The Clinton Administration does, though, and Washington seems to be creeping up to the ground-troop question only inch by reluctant inch. Before the summiteers set foot in the U.S. capital, the White House colluded with NATO Secretary-General Javier Solana to take some steam out of an issue filled with political and diplomatic, not to mention military, perils. Solana leaked word on Wednesday that the alliance would "revise and update" last fall's "assessment" of what forces it would take to enter Kosovo—with Milosevic's consent or without it. Back then the guess was 75,000 soldiers to invade and secure the province, 200,000 to do the same throughout Yugoslavia. Revisiting that plan now, said Clinton, "is a wise and prudent course."

So does that mean a decision is near on using ground troops? Nope, said Clinton a breath later, sticking by his claim that he has "no intention" of introducing soldiers except to keep a peace. Does it mean at least serious preparation will now get under way? No again. The allies are still too divided to take even that baby step. The reassessment will study the size and composition of a possible ground force, but not how and where it would be deployed or what its mission would be. No detailed operational planning has been ordered up, and under the complex consensus rules of NATO, that alone would take weeks—and the actual dispatch of troops and tanks many months. "I've seen no evidence evolving that the 19 countries are going to say, 'Let's do detailed planning for a ground force,'" said Secretary of Defense William Cohen. "There are sharp disagreements about this within the alliance."

White House aides privately hoped the

THE GROUND CAMPAIGN OPTIONS

THE EQUIPMENT WHAT'S NEEDED

1 Limited Force

Slash a corridor into Kosovo to provide refugees with food

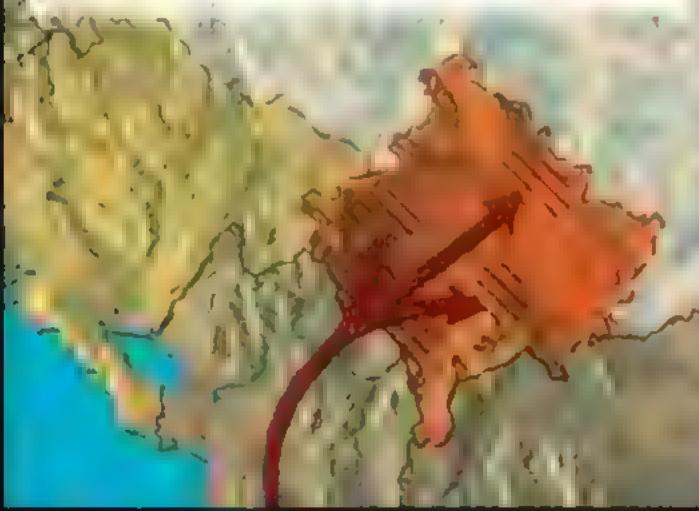
Time to prepare: 2 to 3 weeks
Troops needed: 10,000
Cost: \$5 billion
U.S. casualties: Up to 500



2 More Force

NATO troops plunge into Kosovo to set up "safe enclaves" for the Albanians

Time to prepare: 1 month
Troops needed: 30,000
Cost: \$5 billion to \$10 billion
U.S. casualties: 500 to 2,000



3 Take Kosovo

A ground war to take Kosovo and expel Yugoslavia's military and paramilitary forces

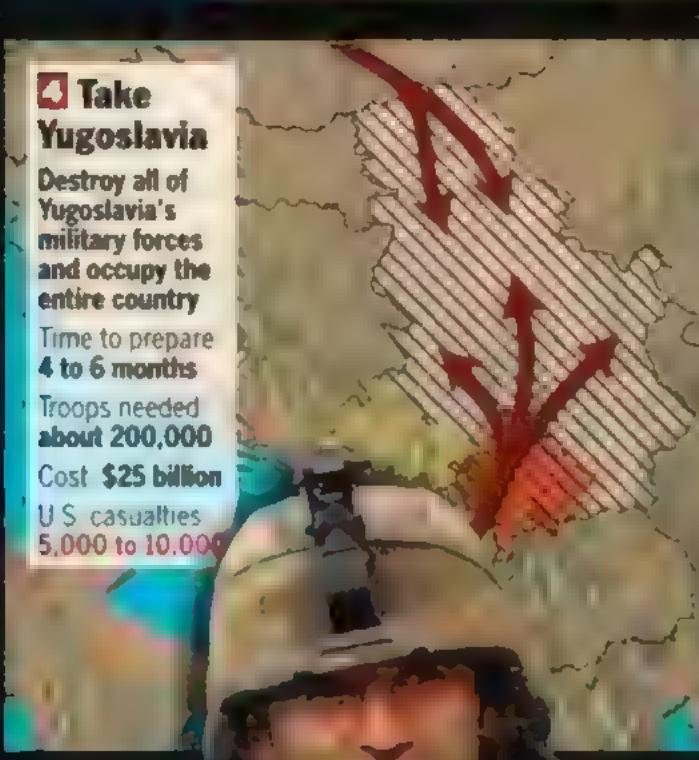
Time to prepare: 3 months
Troops needed: 50,000 to 100,000
Cost: \$5 billion to \$10 billion
U.S. casualties: 500 to 2,000



Take Yugoslavia

Destroy all of Yugoslavia's military forces and occupy the entire country

Time to prepare: 4 to 6 months
Troops needed: about 200,000
Cost: \$25 billion
U.S. casualties: 5,000 to 10,000



LINE OF FIRE
Army Infantry rolled into Albania last week, part of a 5,000-troop U.S. support operation



AH-64 ATTACK HELICOPTER The Apache gunships should begin Kosovo battle flights this week



MLRS These long-range missile systems will blanket swaths of Kosovo with bomblets.



BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE It will protect U.S. forces in Albania and crash into Kosovo to rescue downed pilots



M1 TANK The 72-ton Abrams, regarded as the world's best tank, would lead an invasion force

AND WHAT ARE THEIR OPTIONS?

Getting out of Kosovo remains a dream for many. These newly escaped refugees are dazed and exhausted. At far right, a man celebrates as he crosses into Albania. Another, right, cradles his child as he awaits news of his family. Below, a mother prepares to bury a son who did not survive the exodus.



new NATO assessment would call for so many troops to invade—perhaps up to 150,000 in Kosovo alone—that it would scare off ground-war advocates. "The assessment will help burst the bubble," predicted a top Administration official. The hawks, meanwhile, hoped the study would produce a viable plan that would sell with equal ease everywhere from Paris to Peoria. No matter what the outcome, the study probably won't be ready for weeks, giving NATO another excuse to delay a decision on ground troops and continue an air campaign it swears is working.

Even so, the subject of ground troops was Topic A at the fringes of the conference. The British in particular heated up the atmosphere with lots of talk about "permissive" and "nonper-

missive" environments, "softening up" and "invasion without consent."

But if Blair and his team are ready for a land assault, Clinton and his are not—at least not yet. In the spectrum of presidential advisers, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright is more disposed than most to the use of all means necessary—the code phrase for ground troops. But Clinton is hanging back, and Pentagon officers, who oppose any ground war, will keep advising him against one. Like Clinton, powerful members of Congress believe Americans are not willing to make the sacrifices required by a Balkan ground war.

Perhaps as a result, Washington is determined to squelch rising suspicion that ground troops might well be needed to defeat Milosevic. The Pentagon, the White House and NATO spokesmen spent much of

the three-day summit insisting their sustained bombardment of Yugoslavia was paying off. Officials rolled out numbers to tick off progress: after 3,000 target strikes, 16 early-warning radars were gone, half of Serbia's MiG-29s destroyed, two oil refineries eliminated, 25% of stored fuel wiped out, all four vital rail and road links to Kosovo damaged. Never mind that 3 of every 4 bombs were falling on big, empty, static targets already hit. Alliance spokesmen were sure that new strikes on Milosevic's Tito-era villa, on the broadcast studios of state-owned Serbian TV, and on the 23-story tower housing his Socialist Party of Serbia and his daughter's radio and TV stations were going to undermine Milosevic's domestic support. "We are winning," NATO commander General Wesley Clark told the summiteers. "He is losing, and he knows it."

"All options are always kept under review. Milosevic



Unfortunately, Milosevic hasn't given any sign of that. So NATO leaders quietly concluded a summit that was more symbolic than substantive. They made solemn proclamations: We will stick together. We will prevail. We will intensify the bombing until Milosevic capitulates to the terms we have already laid down.

But it's not all that easy for NATO to "intensify" the air-only war as it promises. Over considerable resistance, Clinton barely talked NATO into approving plans for a naval embargo to cut off oil supplies to Serbia, and no one wants to hurt Western-leaning Montenegro, where the main Yugoslav port is, in the process. The low-risk, high-altitude bombing cannot grow markedly more effective unless the allies are willing to accept more casualties—theirs and ours. The Apache gunships are dribbling

into Albania to begin their closer-to-the-ground war against nearly 400 Serbian tanks and armored personnel carriers and 43,000 troops—more, not fewer, since the bombing began—still vigorously cleansing Kosovo. But refugees report that Serbian soldiers have shed their uniforms to patrol the roads on stolen tractors, disguising themselves as civilian convoys. An Apache pilot will be hard pressed to make the right call on whether to strike a convoy that could contain the oppressor or the oppressed. A footnote: as more Apaches arrive, the number of G.I.s in Albania, 350 a month ago, will soon grow to more than 5,000.

What overshadows everything is NATO's failure so far to stop the slaughter. Washington will call the summit a success simply because the 19 hung together. But the unity doesn't extend much beyond a con-

sensus that the best thing these nations can do is hang together—for now. There are hints of cracks to come. Some of the allies are worried that NATO is dangerously remiss in failing to rev up planning for a ground campaign. Still others—recoiling from the live possibility of putting "our boys" on Balkan ground—are pressing for any negotiated way out. And few in the alliance can yet name the specifics of a peace plan: some nations dread the idea of an independent Kosovo; others embrace it. What Clinton and his confreres have left unsettled is just how they intend to fight this war to the finish—and that, more than any photo-op cheeriness, will determine what kind of alliance 21st century NATO will turn out to be.

—Reported by James Graff/Kukes and Jay Branegan, Barry Hillenbrand, Mark Thompson and Douglas Waller/Washington

does not have a veto on what we do.”

—British Prime Minister Tony Blair

MIND GAME

The allies are also fighting a spin battle for the heads of the Serbian people. They're losing

By MASSIMO CALABRESI

EVERYONE KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT this war. It started with unprovoked attacks on civilians, grew into widespread aggression and is now an unchecked attempt to destroy an entire people. Ask any Belgrader whether that's true, and he'll say yes—but he won't be agreeing with you. For most people in Yugoslavia, it's NATO's attacks on Serbia that are the crime, not Serbian attacks on Kosovo. While NATO accuses Serbs of aggression, Serbian media accuse NATO of aggression. When NATO cries genocide, Serbian media cry genocide. And with almost no outside points of reference in Yugoslavia, who's to know the difference? It is the ultimate Orwellian nightmare: from the streets of Belgrade to the rural villages of

Serbia, truth and lies are evenly transposed.

That wasn't always the case. Before NATO's campaign began, the propaganda of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic hit its limits in the credulity of many Serbs. His message mostly found purchase with the impoverished, rural and uneducated. In the cities you could seek out independent sources of information that put Milosevic's retrograde, neocommunist line in context. But with the war on, those independent voices are either snuffed out or taken over. Now, even among the educated élite, a slow, sad transformation is taking hold as Milosevic's distorted media prism resolves every shade of gray into black and white.

This is partly why NATO officials have insisted that propaganda—along with the special police—is one of Milosevic's two keys to power. It is also why, in a brutal attempt to end that information imbalance last Friday, NATO blasted a Serbian state television station in Belgrade. A barrage of bombs hit the building before dawn, killing at least 10 of the estimated 70 people inside. But if the attack was brutal, it was also ineffectual. Serbian state TV was back on the air within six hours, broadcasting its regular fare, including a statement by the Serbian Information Ministry saying that "by targeting [Serbian TV], NATO aggressors have revealed criminal intentions that would make even Hitler wince."

The air war has played a big part in making such wild accusations credible with Serbs. Nothing lays the groundwork for propaganda like seeing parts of your hometown blown away. NATO has bombed targets ranging from bridges to office blocks in its attempt to weaken the Serbian war machine and break Milosevic's resistance. But with "collateral damage" now including Serbian and ethnic Albanian civilians alike, the strikes have also provided all the material that Milosevic's minions



PROPAGANDA WAR: THE SERBS VS. . .

SPIN CYCLE
Milosevic's propaganda team has been aided by an anti-NATO ground swell. Examples: "target" buttons and a Belgrade billboard



JUST IMAGINE!

A STAGED SCENE?

NATO admits U.S. planes may have hit civilians, but it insists Serbs manipulated the bomb site before the media arrived. Its "proof":

BODY LANGUAGE
The lack of burn injuries and the posture of these bodies may mean they were shot, not bombed

PLACID GROUND
NATO analysts can't reconcile the lack of bomb craters with the claim of an errant 500 pounder

DRIVE AWAY This tractor and cart—which show little damage—look to NATO like they were parked, not bombed

need to win over even die-hard skeptics. NATO, the propaganda insists, simply wants to kill Serbs at any cost. "Most people—myself included—see this as an aggression against Serbia, not just against Milosevic," says Goran Svilanovic, 39, the chairman of Civic Alliance, a once ardently critical anti-Milosevic party.

It helps, of course, that Serbs are a captive audience. Most independent media were closed down or co-opted as soon as the bombing started, and throughout the country there is a uniform hum of pro-Milosevic, anti-Western diatribe. What's more, the bombing has become less terrifying to Serbs. The sirens still sound at 8 o'clock each night in Belgrade, but the wail is now muted. The residents of the embattled city have given the sirens an affectionate nickname, "Esmeralda," after the popular Mexican soap opera that used to appear on Serbian television at 8 p.m. Increasingly the war seems like just something to watch on the tube, a long-running melodrama with only occasional plot twists. "In the beginning we used to run to air-raid shelters every night, but we don't bother anymore," says Mirjana, 42, a government-employed clerk. "In the morning we turn

the TV on to see what's been hit."

If the bombing campaign has become melodrama, Serbian TV and a crackdown on dissent have

helped ensure that NATO is the bad guy. A series of new government decrees have piled even more repression on top of the already draconian media laws passed last fall. Says a Belgrade lawyer: "They can now put people away for up to two months without even notifying anybody from the judiciary system. Law doesn't live here anymore."

NATO's nonviolent attempts to redress that propaganda imbalance haven't got far. Assurances from British Prime Minister Tony Blair and U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright that they have deep affection for the Serbs are falling on deaf ears amid the noise of war. "[The NATO propaganda message] sounds utterly cynical from this end," says a tired, frustrated onetime pro-Westerner in Belgrade.

Among so many in Belgrade, white has indeed become black. Many Serbs believe that NATO has lost dozens of warplanes so far, not just one. Even the horrors of Kosovo are explained away. Whether by word of mouth or the Western media, much of Yugoslavia knows something of the "ethnic cleansing" going on in the province. But the quick, brutally cynical response from the government—that NATO bombings, not Serbian soldiers, are to blame for the flood of refugees—is parroted by many Serbs.

Among the most attuned citizens, there is a nagging sense that all is not right in this uniform Serbian message. But with few outside reference points to rely on, they can fight that battle for the truth only in their minds, where rationality and emotions throw equal weight. For most Serbs, their rational side is used up getting through the day—battling price rises and shortages of fuel and cigarettes and looking after the health of their families.

In Belgrade residents live with the prospect of years of dreariness and anxiety. "Of course I'm worried," says Mirjana. "I'm worried that I will lose my job, that my husband will be drafted by the army and that my children will have no future in a devastated country." The psychological scars of war—and of the propaganda—are most pronounced on the next generation of Serbs. Mirjana's two children, a son, 11, and a daughter, 7, have developed chillingly precocious antipathies. Her son spends most of his time watching state television or playing war with his friends; hide-and-seek is called "catch the pilot." Fiddling with a new chemistry set recently, Mirjana's daughter vowed to cook up a bomb "to blow NATO away."

—Reported by

Dejan Anastasijevic/Belgrade

Anthee Carassava /Skopje

A Worrisome Kosovo Mystery

FOR MOST OF THE PAST MONTH Balkan watchers have gazed at the sight of refugees leaving Kosovo and been haunted by a terrible question: What happened to Kosovo's best and brightest, the doctors, diplomats and intellectuals who made up the province's leadership and who have been noticeably missing among the refugees? For example, Veton Surroi, the gruff and charismatic Kosovar delegate to the peace talks in Rambouillet, France, courageously returned to Kosovo days before the bombing began but has since disappeared.

Last week, in a burried phone conversation with Lirak,

a K.L.A. officer in Kosovo, TIME learned that some of those missing leaders are encamped inside Kosovo with a group of what he said is a quarter of a million refugees. Lirak said at least three provisional-government ministers are hiding at the guerrilla enclave of Llap, guarded by 4,000 K.L.A. soldiers. The soldiers are eager to fight back, he said, but face Serbian soldiers with a powerful defense: other refugees.

Among those trapped with Lirak is Hydajet Hyseni, the Kosovar "minister of justice." "We cannot leave," Hyseni explained by phone. "We cannot form a government in exile even if we wanted to. So we are trying to organize the operation from within." A few key officials who escaped in the first days of the war have been shuttling around Europe, raising money and working to keep NATO's interests aligned with their own. Some prominent Kosovar leaders, such as K.L.A. chief Hashim Thaci, are in and out of Kosovo. Others, however, are missing. Polyglot publisher Surroi, with friends both inside and outside Kosovo, is particularly conspicuous by his absence. His fate, like that of other key players in Kosovo, remains a mystery. ■



READY K.L.A. soldiers are eager to fight

Charles Krauthammer

No to a Ground War

Led by John McCain? Perhaps. But by Bill Clinton? Think again

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DO WE DO NOW? THERE ARE three schools of thought: 1) now that we're in it, we've got to win it—meaning ground troops; 2) cut our losses before it's too late; 3) keep on bombing until we have a better idea.

Option 3, air war on autopilot, is the current policy of the Clinton Administration. It is a hope and a prayer. It is not a policy. At some point the choice will come down to 1) fight on the ground or 2) retreat under some Russian-brokered deal.

What should it be? There is a powerful groundswell to win. Even those who before the bombing thought Bismarck was right when he said the Balkans were "not worth the healthy bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier" are having second thoughts. Many who, like Henry Kissinger, opposed the war, have come to the view that now that we are committed, we must win.

Their case is powerful. Whereas we had no compelling national interest in Kosovo before March 24, we do now. Our actions have created interests. Two in particular. First, a moral obligation to the Kosovars, whom we said we were going in to save and who are now shivering, starving, terrorized and homeless. We owe them—as we did the Kurds, whom we encouraged to rise up against Saddam after the Gulf War—at least safety, if not victory.

Second, the war on Serbia has become a test of NATO credibility. The Administration foolishly staked the credibility—and perhaps the existence—of the most successful defensive alliance in history on the outcome of a civil war in a backwater of minimal strategic significance. But now that we're there, it is minimal no more.

The case seems open and shut. The U.S. should go in and, in the words of John McCain, use all necessary force to finish the job.

Alas, the real question is not Should the U.S. (and its allies) go in on the ground? The real question facing us today is Do you really want this foreign policy team—Clinton and Albright and Cohen and Berger—running a Balkan ground war?

They launched an air war of half-measures, expecting Milosevic to fold at the first sight of Bill Clinton coming over the horizon on a Tomahawk. They had no contingency plan when Milosevic didn't. They had no contingency plan—indeed, they were shocked—when the man they call Hitler countered with a savage campaign of ethnic cleansing. They responded with the feeblest of aerial escalation, recapitulating the disastrous gradualism of Vietnam.

By every one of their criteria—protecting the Kosovars, preventing the crisis from spreading to neighboring countries, keeping the conflict from internationalizing—this campaign has been a disaster. Do we want to entrust a ground war, a far more dangerous and risky enterprise, to a team that has demonstrated a jaw-dropping inability to plan ahead, to adapt to contingencies, to act forcefully?

Even if your answer is yes, consider this: the Clinton team is so viscerally opposed to ground troops that Clinton ruled them out from the very beginning, thus immeasurably emboldening and strengthening Milosevic. Clinton was willing to sacrifice the military advantages of leaving

the ground-war question ambiguous in order to rid himself—he thought—of the issue. He is terrified of becoming Lyndon Johnson, stuck in a ground war with no exit. He confessed as much to Dan Rather: "The thing that bothers me about introducing ground troops ... is the prospect of never being able to get them out."

It is one thing to urge a ground war on leaders simply incompetent to carry it out.

It is another to urge it on leaders unwilling to carry it out. What kind of ground campaign can we expect from an Administration that has been pressured into mounting one?

And finally, consider Clinton's co-commanders. One of the reasons the air war has been such an abject failure is that every move must be approved by all 19 NATO members. Luxembourg, say, has veto power over targets. France has raised objections to the very minor step of blockading Yugoslav ports. The committee of

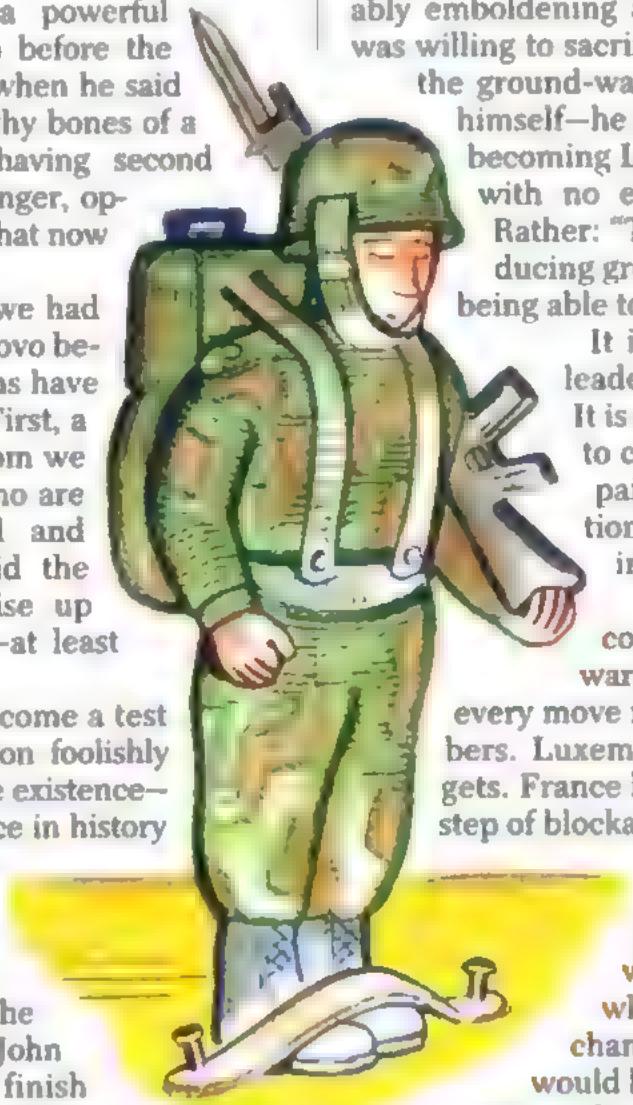
19 had to approve the deployment—the agonizingly slow deployment—of Apache gunships. Imagine a ground war run by this hydra-headed body, in which every rule of engagement, every change in strategy, every new operation would have to go before and through the committee of 19.

If we had a serious President (say, John McCain) and a serious Secretary of State (say, Jeanne Kirkpatrick) and a serious NATO commander (say, Colin Powell), it might make sense to go in on the ground to win. But we don't. Which is why we are where we are. Better a face-saving deal that alleviates some of the suffering of the Albanians than a charge up Kosovo hills, led by a reluctant, uncertain Clinton.

A pessimist, says Israeli humorist Yaakov Kirschen, is a person who thinks things have hit rock bottom. "I am an optimist," says Kirschen. "I believe that things can get much worse."

And so they can. Especially in the Balkans.

This team has demonstrated a jaw-dropping inability to act forcefully



Spiced with a generous hand,
aged parmesan transformed
simple cream into a sauce
so deeply satisfying

it warmed the heart
on the gravest day

Laste the pasta sauce they inspired
CREAMY ALFREDO



Five Brothers

One Passion

THE INTERNET

Using the market's new math, CMGI's David Wetherell is rolling out one gazillion-dollar IPO after another

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

WHAT'S THE MOST VALUABLE product you can manufacture? Supercomputers? Stealth bombers? Beanie Babies? David Wetherell, 44, has figured out how to fabricate the dearest items in all the land: stock in Internet companies. As chairman and CEO of CMGI, based in Andover, Mass., Wetherell has melded together the trends and technologies of the Internet into a virtual initial-public-offering factory that analysts expect will churn out perhaps half a dozen highly lucrative offerings in the next 12 months.

There is nothing mysterious about Wetherell's business model: find promising Internet company, buy stake, fund growth, provide guidance, sell company, or take it public and pocket billions. (It's one that is also widely imple-

SPINNING OUT WEB WINNERS

Since 1995, CMGI has invested in more than 30 companies, showing a knack for picking highflyers

CHEMDEX Business-to-business website matches manufacturers with the chemicals they need, cutting out costly middlemen and lowering inventories.

SILKNET Should be the next IPO to roll off the assembly line. Silknet helps companies link websites and data bases to develop e-business applications.

RAGING BULL Financial Web community became popular for its "ignore poster" feature that allows members to

skip annoying webbies.

GEOCITIES The grand-daddy of Web communities allows members to create their own home pages. Recently sold to Yahoo for \$4.58 billion in stock. CMGI pocketed a billion-dollar profit on the deal.

LYCOS The portal site recently surged past Yahoo to become the No. 3 online-media site. CMGI invested \$2 million in 1995; the 18.5% of Lycos that it still owns is worth \$750 million today.

T'S MONEY MACHINE

ment on Sand Hill Road in Menlo Park, Calif.—the Main Street of venture capitalism.) But what has set Wetherell and CMGI apart has been his phenomenal success. His early investments in Lycos, Booklink, GeoCities, Critical Path and a slew of other Internet companies have established Wetherell as an uncanny picker of soon-to-be-ripe Internet fruit.

If you are trying to figure out how Internet companies will ultimately figure in the economy—Will they crash and burn? Or soar even higher?—CMGI is a good place to start. It is a company very much in the middle of the clash between the old and new market models, and between old and new media, that is occurring all over Wall Street. To smitten Internet investors today, profits don't matter; it's the new economic order of the future that counts. So buying a company's stock on the basis of profits is irrelevant. These investors look only to the next harvest of CMGI's hot IPOs, which is why they have driven the company's share price from \$17 this past October to a high of \$330 two weeks ago.

That kind of thinking has created a huge gap between the valuations of Internet stocks and the rest of the world. "It can't last forever," says Intel chairman Andy Grove, whose company owns 8.6% of CMGI. "The Web world has one set of rules and the rest of the world has another." In other words, something's got to give. Last week some of CMGI's investors took their money off the table, and CMGI traded as low as \$185 before bargain hunters—and only in the Net world is \$200 a share a bargain—drove it back up. It finished the week at \$259.

Wetherell can't believe that anyone is questioning these never before reached values. He says that not only is the Internet not a high-risk investment, but it is also "absolutely the safest bet I know." He has been making this wager since 1994, when CMGI (then known as College Marketing Group) was still a company that



WHO NEEDS LAS VEGAS? CEO David Wetherell, known as a cardsharp, says the Web is the best—and the safest—bet in town

hawked textbooks to college professors. He took the firm public and used the proceeds to invest in then obscure companies such as Lycos and Booklink—the latter of which he would later sell to AOL for \$70 million. The soft-spoken, laid-back Connecticut native and Ohio Wesleyan University math major has never looked back, riding the trend to a personal net worth of \$2.5 billion. Regrets? He passed up a chance to invest in eBay, the wildly successful Internet auction house. Wetherell figures that oversight cost him \$4 billion.

Wetherell sees Net company valuations through a mathematical as much as a financial lens. He loves to cite Metcalfe's Law of Connectivity as the driving force behind his approach. The law, set down by Robert Metcalfe, founder of 3Com, states that the value of an interactive network—such as Lycos, Yahoo or AOL—is a function of the number of people attached to the network;

and value increases exponentially when another person comes online. Thus a network of 10 people is at least four times as valuable as one with five. What this means is that every extra AOL subscriber is worth more than every extra cable subscriber. How much more is the umpteen-billion-dollar question, because that new customer can be marketed to, advertised to, sold to, and may even be the impetus for a whole new form of commerce that will make the network more valuable still. "The growth is incredibly viral," says Wetherell, using one of his favorite words. "Online companies tend to grow along Metcalfe's Law. We have companies growing at a rate of 1% a day. The Internet is growing at a rate of 3% a day. If you can't make money in this business, then you might as well go pick oranges."

Wetherell's Internet world view is getting its fiercest test in a takeover tussle with Barry Diller—a real-economy mogul if ever there was one—who has made a bid for Lycos, the Internet portal that Wetherell financed and of which he owns 18.5%. While Diller and Wetherell agree

that the partnering of Lycos' new-media assets and Diller's traditional media hodgepodge of USA Networks, Home Shopping Network and other film- and television-production interests makes strategic sense, they disagree sharply on the value Diller ascribes to Lycos.

In the world Diller comes from, you don't pay a premium for unprofitable businesses. But in the Internet economy, where almost nobody has made a profit yet (and certainly Lycos hasn't), that hasn't kept Yahoo from shelling out \$4.35 billion for GeoCities, or stopped the Internet portal @ Home from paying \$6 billion for Excite—both deals made at hefty price premiums. Of course, they used their richly priced shares as currency. Diller's offer to merge part of his USA Networks with Lycos to form a new company, of which Lycos would own 30%, values Lycos at approximately \$85 a share, substantially less than

Why the Internet Stock Bubble Refused to Burst

WHEN INTERNET STOCKS AND OTHER MARKET DARLINGS such as cable and computer companies hit the skids early last week, a cry arose from the cobwebbed corners of Wall Street where things like dividends and profits are revered—finally, the curmudgeons could crow about reality setting in. EBay, selling at 8,000 times earnings, had been exposed; Net mania was over. By week's end, though, those who would deflate the bull market in profitless companies got a familiar lesson: bubbles die hard, and this one still had air.

After the NASDAQ dropped 5.6% on Monday, wounded highflyers regained their strength for the umpteenth time.

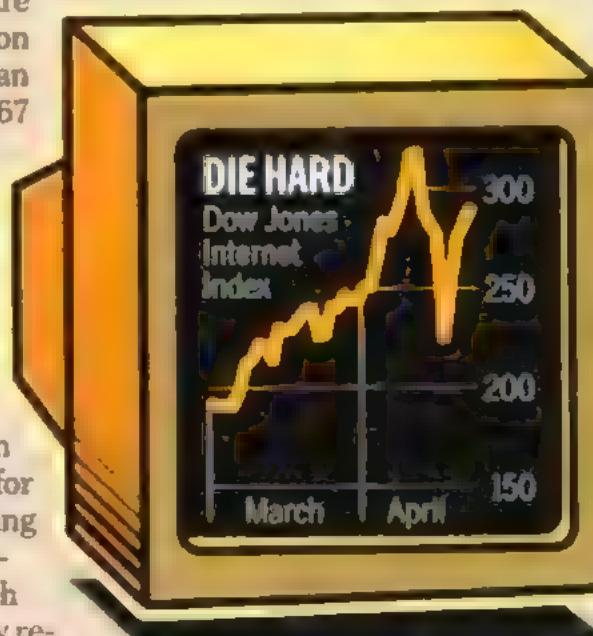
"Tech and Internet enthusiasts are hard to keep down," observes Byron Wien, analyst at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. So AOL, which went from \$167 to \$116 in a blink, was quickly back at \$146. Amazon.com, poster child for Internet speculation, shot from \$184 to \$159 to—gads!—\$210. With lightning speed the reversal was reversed, and what had been shaping up as a seismic shift in the market turned out to be just a sneeze.

Or was it? Not everyone has been quick to give up on the shift, which for more than a week had investors rotating into the stocks of chemicals, machinery and paper companies, which stand to benefit as the world economy re-

covers from the Asian flu. "What started two weeks ago started too fast and was too extreme," says Jeffrey Warantz, strategist at Salomon Smith Barney. "But it's not over." Warantz's research shows that it isn't just tech stocks or large consumer stocks like Merck and Wal-Mart that are rising now. Several weeks ago, 81% of the stocks that he tracks were lagging the gains in Standard & Poor's 500 by 15% or more. Last week the reading was down to 76%. That hardly points to a party to which everyone's been invited. Still, many believe this is the start of a trend that will see a greater number of stocks step up the pace, while those that have been so popular over the past few years slow down.

Indeed, long-beleaguered shares of small companies got a lift from the rotation and stayed strong even as investors returned to their Internet darlings. This broadening, if it persists, comes with great risk. Rarely does a major shift in investor thinking arrive without a dose of market pain. "Most of the Internet stocks have made their highs," declares Dick McCabe, market analyst at Merrill Lynch. He believes the industrial stocks will re-emerge as market leaders later this spring, following a wide pullback. If he's right, the fuddy-duddies may at last celebrate for a good long while—if, that is, by then they haven't joined everyone else and plunked their savings on the same five tech stocks.

—By Daniel Kadlec



the \$130 it was trading at when Diller made the offer. Wetherell, after initially supporting the bid, changed his mind, withdrew from the Lycos board and pledged to vote his shares against the deal at a shareholders' meeting next month.

Diller, who made an unsuccessful run at Paramount in 1994 using stock from the shop-at-home company QVC, has been seen by the Internet community as crashing the party with a most unwelcome piece of news: your companies aren't worth as much as you think. (And for a few wobbly days early last week, he was right.) Wetherell and his ilk are now seeking to show Diller the door. "He's Barry Diller, he's famous, he's a great dealmaker, but he may have overstepped," says Joe Butt, senior analyst at Forrester Research.

Get real, says Diller. "There has been an enormous amount of arrogance, of easy money made by people who are extraordinarily arrogant about the real world and how difficult it is to build and sustain a business," he says. He likens Internet companies to "slot machines that pay off again and again. If I was an investor, I'd be corrupted by it to some degree as well."

Valuation questions aside, old-media and new-media firms have to link up. Nearly every old-media firm needs some kind of new-media footprint to distribute its content and capitalize on the e-commerce and marketing opportunities offered by the Internet. AT&T, for instance, controls Net portal @Home and cable company TCI. Last week it made a bid for MediaOne, another cable firm with investments in entertainment. Thus AT&T wants to deliver everything to everybody—from phone service to cable TV to e-commerce—over a variety of networks.

Sooner or later an Internet company will purchase a substantial, publicly traded real-world firm, and that will finally bring about in the financial markets the sort of convergence already under way on the desktop between the television and the PC. Wetherell is a firm believer in that convergence, and he points out that the companies currently in his incubation pipeline are poised to capitalize on the expansive networking possibilities and dizzying growth that increasing interconnectivity promises. "Look, traditional media is one to many—you publish a magazine, and it goes out to many. But on the Internet you have many to many, so the possi-

bilities are phenomenal. The numbers are what makes this case so exciting."

Even if the Lycos deal goes through as currently configured, Wetherell and CMGI stand to make close to \$700 million. And with companies such as Chemdex, Silknet, Raging Bull and Medical Village preparing to go public and perhaps become the next Lycos or GeoCities, Wetherell's viral growth justifications of wild valuations will continue to be gospel in the Net economy. "David is so confident and so smart," says Bill Martin, 21, a University of Virginia dropout and one of the founders of Raging Bull, a financial Web community half-owned by CMGI. "But he's a guts guy too. When we brought him our idea, he listened, took a conference call and then came back in the room and put 2 million bucks into the company. I called the dean the next day and told her I wasn't coming back to school."

Good move. If all goes according to plan and Wetherell's valuation models continue to hold, then Raging Bull will go public in about a year, and Martin will be worth a few hundred million dollars. Those will be Internet dollars, of course—but do you think Martin really cares?

Justice Minus Joy

Cleared as a murder suspect, a boy tries to rebuild his shattered life

By RON STODGHILL II CHICAGO

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOUGH TO PICTURE him as a murderer, this tiny boy with the bright, quick smile and dimples the size of gumdrops. As he romps across the floor of his home on Chicago's South Side, he looks like one of Barney's little friends. Too early, though, this nine-year-old fully understands that when you're poor and black and accused, real friends can't be found in a purple dinosaur or anywhere else in TV land. Indeed, for the past year his best friend has been the stately gentleman sitting quietly in the living room wearing a starched white shirt, gray suit and cowboy boots. He is lawyer R. Eugene Pincham, 73. The kid, overwhelmed of late with so many new names and faces to remember, refers to his pal and counsel simply as the black Power Ranger.

Last week, as the boy ran into the living room, Pincham scooped him up and held him facedown across his knees. "Have you been good in school? Have you been obeying your teachers? Have you been nice to your parents?" Each question was punctuated with a tickle, so the boy's "Yes!" responses were sung in breathless hysteria. It was a lighthearted moment in a year that has been heavy with pain and injustice. As the boy dashed out of the living room, the adults quickly turned sober again. Rosetta Crawford, the boy's grandmother and family matriarch, took a drag on her cigarette and said softly, "We were a quiet family. But somehow we became the most hated people in the world."

Last August, Crawford's grandson and another boy, one year younger, were charged with the murder of an 11-year-old girl, Ryan Harris, in a case that gained national attention as much



FALSELY ACCUSED:
Shielding one of
the boys last year

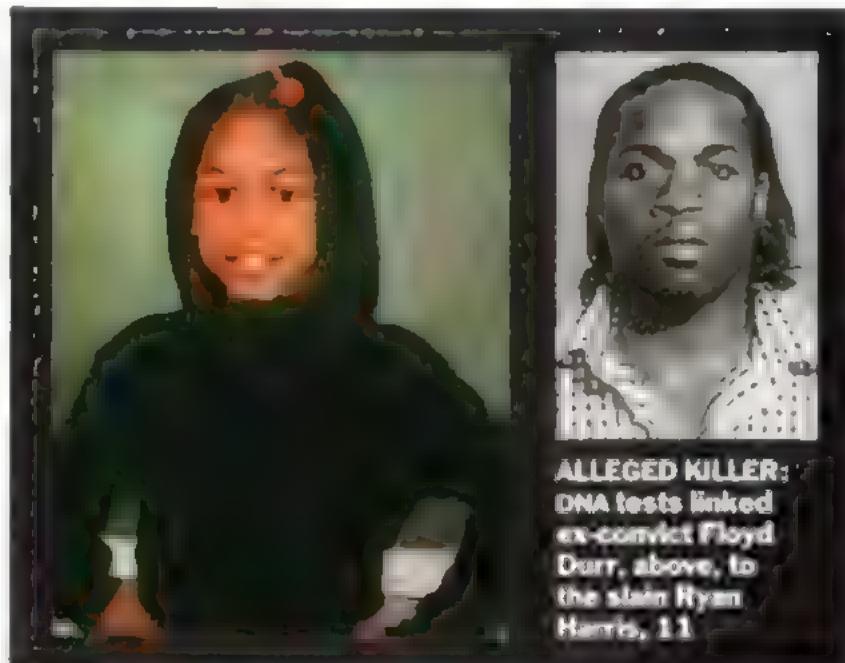
for the youth of the suspects as for the crime's sickening details. Harris' body was discovered in the weeds of a vacant lot, her head smashed with a rock, panties stuffed in her mouth and leaves in her nostrils. A month later, after semen was discovered in her underwear, the charges against the boys were dropped, and DNA tests linked the crime to a convicted sex offender who faces three other charges of sexual assault committed within blocks of where Harris' body was found. Still, it wasn't until last week that Cook County prosecutors charged Floyd Durr, 30, with Harris' murder.

Meanwhile, both of the wrongly accused boys are still reeling from the trauma of the past nine months, from what family members describe as police "interrogation," to the murder charges filed in a hostile courtroom, to their returning home under house arrest—and the mobs of journalists

camped outside their homes for weeks. Even today nightmares haunt the boys, according to their friends and relatives, and school days have become a dreaded ritual of taunting, fights and confrontation with youths who tease them about the murder. The younger boy, who once wore his hair in tightly braided corn-rows, cut them off after seeing a sketch of himself on the TV news. "These boys were deliberately framed for this crime," says Pincham. "Sure, it's been acknowledged that they had nothing to do with it, but they are still catching hell."

Pincham has filed a lawsuit against the city seeking \$100 million in damages for the wrongful arrest of his client. Prosecutors blame the botched investigation on procedural slips and dismiss any suggestion of intentional wrongdoing by detectives handling the case. Even if Pincham prevails in court, it's clear his client will have a hard time recapturing even a faint reminder of his previous life. Once an A student, family members say the boy, now a third-grader, brings home grades that range from failing to barely passing. He has been so tormented by his peers that rather than fight, the boy has withdrawn socially, preferring to spend his time after school in the house. "Everything has changed," says Crawford. "He doesn't want to go outside."

Crawford is worried that her efforts to get her grandson back on track could be hampered if the state calls him as a witness against Durr. And she is disappointed at the chill that remains between her family and that of Ryan Harris'. "It doesn't make any sense," Crawford says. "When this case is over, both of us will be right back here in the ghetto."



ALLEGED KILLER:
DNA tests linked
ex-convict Floyd
Durr, above, to
the slain Ryan
Harris, 11

THE FIRST BUTCHER

Filletted bones and an ape-man surprise: Could this big-toothed scavenger be our ancestor?

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK



MORE THAN 75 YEARS OF digging in the ancient, arid sediments of East Africa has told scientists a great deal about the long evolutionary trail that led to modern human beings. They know about Lucy, the upright-walking proto-human australopithecine that strode the continent some 3.2 million years ago; about *Homo habilis*, the first known human species, which was making and using stone tools in the same region by 1.2 million years later; about *Homo erectus*, which emerged from Africa soon thereafter and spread across the world.

But while the broad outlines of this prehistoric genealogy have been well established, most of the crucial details still need to be filled in. Perhaps the most pivotal of them all: Precisely when, how, and most important, why did australopithecines like Lucy evolve into true humans? Murphy's Law, unfortunately, has arranged matters so that the fossil record is especially sparse between 2 million and 3 million years ago, just when the crucial transition took place.

That's why a series of discoveries pre-

sented last week in the journal *Science* has paleontologists in such a stir. An international expedition working in Ethiopia found a partial skull of a new species of human ancestor from 2.5 million years ago, right in the middle of the gap. They also discovered evidence that someone was using tools to butcher animals in the same location at approximately the same time. And they found fossil arm, leg and foot bones that will provide experts with important clues about how human ancestors were built in those days. Exclaims anatominist Alan Walker of Pennsylvania State University: "This is really exciting!"

That's not to say anyone knows what it all means yet. To start with, the researchers are not quite certain how the three discoveries relate to one another. The new species, for example, which the researchers call *Australopithecus garhi* (*garhi* means surprise in the Afar language), was identified on the basis of a fragmentary skull with a complete upper jaw full of unusually large teeth that was excavated from the arid, rocky

ground of Ethiopia's Middle Awash region near the village of Bouri. When the paleontologists looked closely at the skull, they were shocked. The combination of teeth and bones clearly came from a species more primitive than the earliest humans yet more modern than known australopithecines. That means it could be the transitional species that led di-

A Bit of Neanderthal in Us All?

Specialists in human evolution have pretty well established that early modern *Homo sapiens* and the brawny, thick-skulled creatures we know as Neanderthals coexisted in parts of Europe for thousands of years, at the very least. It's also clear that the Neanderthals aren't here anymore (despite how you might feel about your brother-in-law). What is not clear, however, is what happened to them. Did our forebears wipe out the Neanderthals in an act of prehistoric genocide? Or did we interbreed with our evolutionary cousins until their genes were diluted beyond recognition?

Now comes the first hard evidence to address the

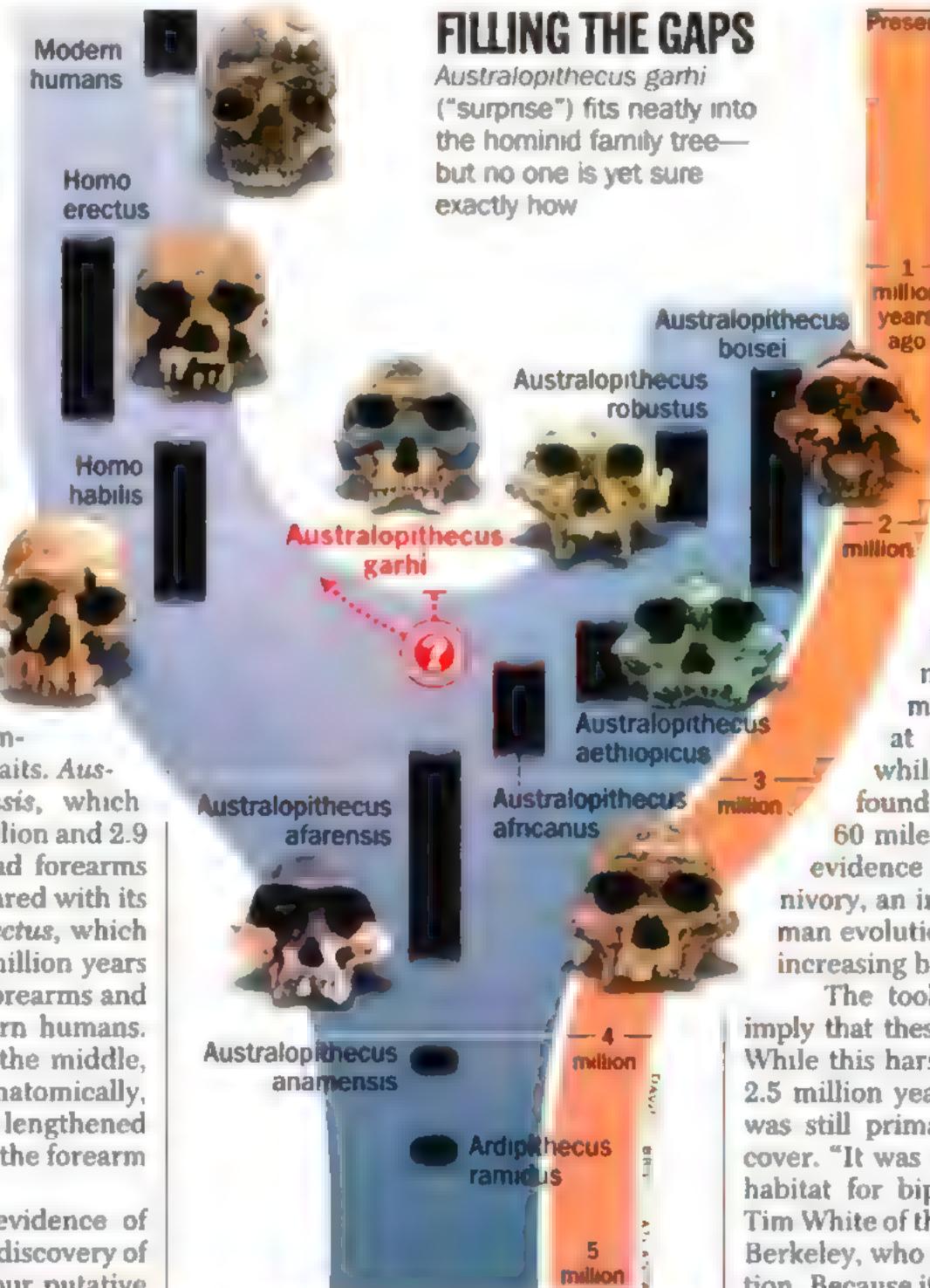
question. Our ancestors, it suggests, made love, not war. Archaeologists in Portugal have stumbled onto a 24,500-year-old skeleton that has a mix of modern and Neanderthal features. The bones, which belong to a four-year-old child, had been carefully buried. They had been stained with red ochre and interred with a pierced marine shell lying next to the child's neck—typical features of Upper Paleolithic burials found throughout Europe.

What was striking was the shape of the bones. While the child's chin, jaw and arm bones resembled those of early *Homo sapiens*, the stocky torso and short legs were, to the scientists' astonishment, Neanderthal-

rectly to the *Homo* lineage—or it could be a branch of the family tree that became an evolutionary dead end.

The arm, leg and foot bones were discovered in the same geological layer but some 900 ft. away from the skull and teeth. Without physical proximity to link the two finds, and without teeth for comparison, the paleontologists can't be sure that they are from the same species. But like the skull, these fossils show a mix of primitive and advanced traits. *Australopithecus afarensis*, which lived between 3.6 million and 2.9 million years ago, had forearms that were long compared with its legs, while *Homo erectus*, which appeared about 1.7 million years ago, had shortened forearms and longer legs, more like modern humans. The new fossils fall right in the middle, both chronologically and anatomically, suggesting that the leg bones lengthened at least a million years before the forearm bones shrank.

In a way, though, the evidence of butchery is the most exciting discovery of all. It tells us not just what our putative



FILLING THE GAPS

Australopithecus garhi ("surprise") fits neatly into the hominid family tree—but no one is yet sure exactly how

ancestors looked like but also how they behaved. According to the report published in *Science*, the fossil jawbone of an antelope exhibits "unambiguous cut marks made by a sharp stone flake," which the scientists believe was probably used to remove the animal's tongue. A three-toed horse had been dismembered and the meat on its leg bone filleted. The leg bone of yet another animal is scarred by man-made cuts, chop marks and signs of hammering, presumably to get at the marrow inside. And while slightly older tools were found previously at a site about 60 miles away, this is the earliest evidence associating tools with carnivory, an important milestone in human evolution and perhaps a factor in increasing brain size.

The tool marks don't necessarily imply that these creatures were hunters. While this harsh desert was far less arid 2.5 million years ago than it is today, it was still primarily grassland with little cover. "It was not a particularly friendly habitat for bipeds," says paleontologist Tim White of the University of California, Berkeley, who is co-leader of the expedition. Because it would not have been easy for the tool users to hide in ambush, White, like many other paleoanthropologists, believes that they were probably scavengers.

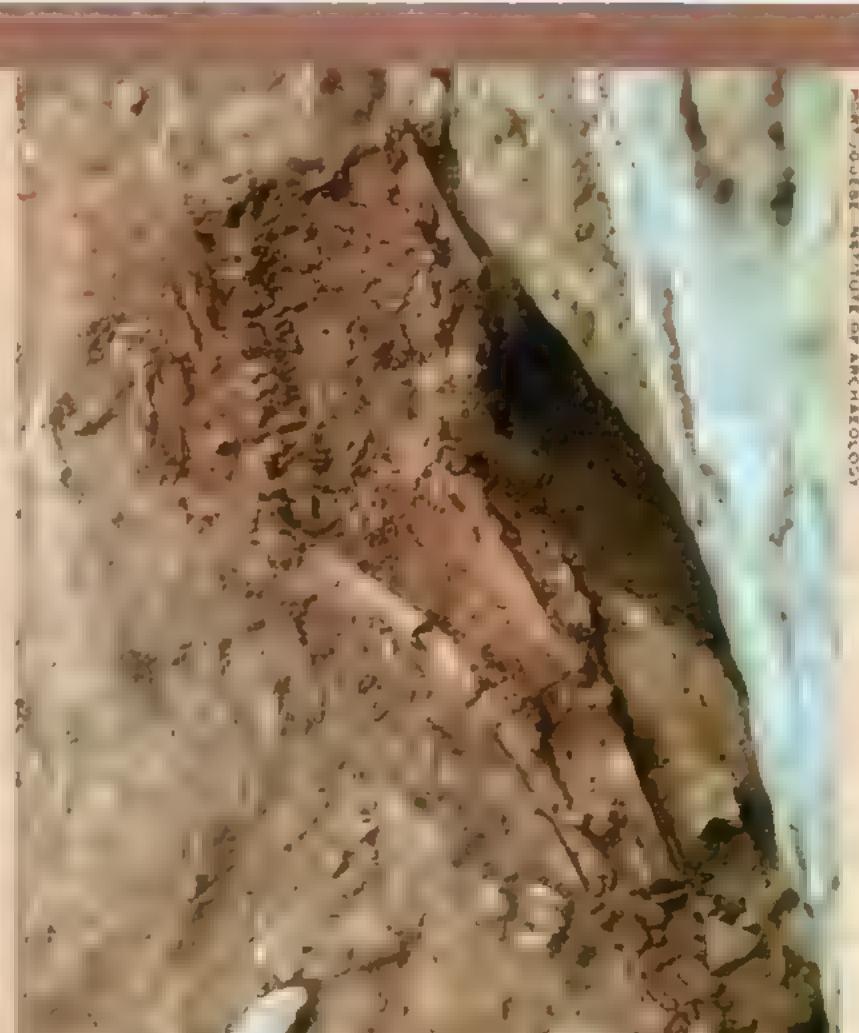
Most intriguing of all is the likelihood that the prehistoric butchers were able to plan far enough ahead to bring their tools with them. Says White: "Since we can't find any tools in the same geological layer as the animal bones, this technological equipment was probably carried in and then carried out." The case for this is made even stronger, he says, by the fact that there is no local source of raw materials for toolmaking.

Alas, there is no way to know at this point whether the three discoveries indicate a single transitional species or two or even three that lived at about the same time. Nor can the researchers tell what precise relationship any of these ancients might have to us. Hoping for some answers, White and his colleagues will head back to Ethiopia next fall.

—Reported by
Andrea Dorfman/New York

like. This mixing of the races might have been a one-time thing—except that this child lived 3,000 to 4,000 years after these populations first began sharing the Iberian Peninsula. Says Erik Trinkaus, a Washington University paleoanthropologist who is a consultant for the project: "This is not one Neanderthal and one modern human making whoopee in the bushes."

The real message, Trinkaus believes, is that to people living in the Stone Age, Neanderthals were just another tribe. "They may have had heavier brows or broader noses or stockier builds, but behaviorally, socially and reproductively they were all just people."



FIRING UP THE

Felicity, *The PJs* and *Sports Night* blazed a trail for offbeat shows. Now, Imagine Television is really heating up with six quirky new pilots

By JEANNE McDOWELL LOS ANGELES

ON A GRAY, UNCHARACTERISTICALLY CHILLY DAY IN LOS ANGELES, DAVID LYNCH IS PERCHED ON A DIRECTOR'S CHAIR AT THE MAJESTIC WROUGHT-IRON GATES TO PAR-AMOUNT PICTURES, DRAGGING ON AN AMERICAN SPIRIT CIGARETTE AND SMILING AT THE VIDEO MONITOR. Lynch is shooting a scene for *Mulholland Drive*, his new 1-hr. series expected to premiere this fall on ABC. The show follows two women—one an innocent, the other a vixen with a shady past—whose lives intersect in contemporary Hollywood. As the cameras roll, a Yellow taxi drives up, depositing an ethereal-looking blond at the gate. She pauses breathlessly, then struts through—on her way, she hopes, to becoming a star. Six takes later, Lynch is satisfied. "Cut!" he snaps into his bullhorn.

At a cost of \$7 million, this is hardly a typical 2-hr. TV pilot. But Lynch isn't your average director-producer; and *Mulholland Drive*, his first dramatic series since *Twin Peaks* nine years ago, isn't likely to be just another police or legal drama. And that makes it just the kind of show that is becoming the trademark of Imagine Television.

Imagine is the brainchild of Tony Krantz, Lynch's former agent at Creative Artists Agency, and his partners, producer Brian Grazer and director Ron Howard, who were behind *Apol-*

lo 13 and *EDtv*. It is making a name for itself by recruiting creative wizards like Lynch who have worked mostly in movies and can bring a new sensibility to TV. In its first full season of development Imagine produced three of the most original shows on network television: *Felicity*, the WB's cinematic coming-of-age drama about a college freshman; *Sports Night*, a fast-paced half-hour on ABC that mixes comedy and drama to capture the world of an ESPN-like sports show; and *The PJs*, a foamation series for Fox featuring the voice of its co-creator Eddie Murphy. All three have been renewed for next season, a rare achievement.

The company now has six new pilots in development for next fall, and there's not a standard half-hour comedy among them. "Most people try to sell you a sitcom with a bunch of 26-year-olds living in a Manhattan high-rise, but Imagine is struggling to find interesting shows that others aren't doing," says UPN CEO Dean Valentine.

The networks will announce their fall schedules in three weeks. Lynch's *Mulholland Drive* is almost sure to get the go-ahead. Imagine's other contenders are *Student Affairs*, a one-hour tongue-in-cheek soap opera about students at a college in the Midwest that UPN is considering; *Thirty*, a half-hour comedy-drama hybrid for ABC that shakes



IMAGINATION



up the now familiar *Friends* formula: *Eli's Theory*, a half-hour drama for WB about a single father raising his six-year-old genius son; and *Agro & York*, for Fox, a puppet show set in space. On the drama front, *Chicago Hope*'s Peter Berg, who made his film directorial debut with last winter's dark comedy *Very Bad Things*, is writing and directing *Belle-
vue*, a one-hour drama set in a large psychiatric hospital. Says Krantz: "Our guiding philosophy is to take risk after risk after risk and either go up or down in flames, but to be on fire. TV is ready for a shot in the arm."

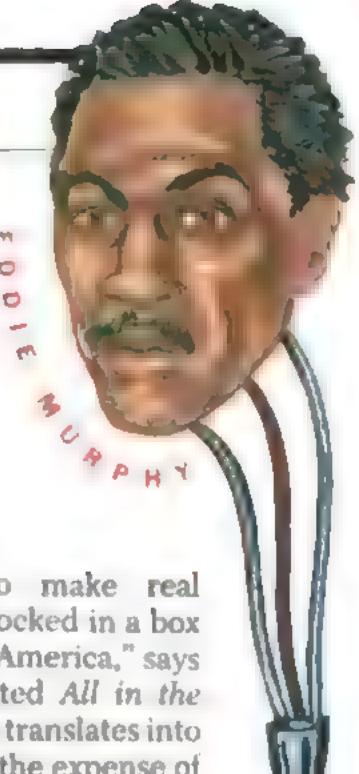
Imagine's genre-bending shows are inherently risky, while most prime-time hours are filled with knock-offs of last season's big hits. *Seinfeld* was off the air less than a year before writer alum Peter Mehlman was back with *It's like, you know ...*, which differs only in that it explores West Coast rather than East Coast inanities (car chases, cell phones and celebrities instead of parking places, subways and Chinese restaurants). "You flip the channels, and everything looks the same," says Thomas Schlamme, who went from directing the critically acclaimed *Larry Sanders Show* to executive-producing *Sports Night*. "You get the setup on one channel and the punch line on another." Viewers aren't laughing. Of the 36 prime-time shows that debuted last fall, at least 21 won't be around next September.

Network chiefs, having watched their prime-time audience share erode from 41% for the big-three networks 20 years ago to 60% shared by six of them today,

seem too paralyzed to make real changes. "Networks are locked in a box like the rest of corporate America," says Norman Lear, who created *All in the Family*. "In TV terms that translates into 'Gimme an instant hit' at the expense of every other value, like creativity." Instead of looking beyond Burbank for people with fresh ideas, the networks return to the same talent pool over and over. As Imagine's Grazer puts it, "Everyone is sucking up the same creative oxygen." And too often, when something different comes their way, they turn it down. Case in point: CBS, NBC and Fox passed on *The Sopranos* before it found a home on HBO, becoming the season's big hit.

What the Imagine partners have going for them, besides their willingness to experiment, is relationships with some of the most creative talents in the business. Krantz, 39, has a killer Rolodex of contacts from his days at CAA and a history of packaging some of TV's biggest deals (teaming Michael Crichton and *ER* with NBC, for instance). He persuaded Lynch to return to TV and convinced screenwriter Aaron Sorkin (*A Few Good Men*, *The American President*) to try the medium for the first time. The result: *Sports Night*. Krantz and Grazer, 47, so liked the work of screenwriter J.J. Abrams (*Regarding Henry*) that they bought Abrams' script for *Felicity* as a TV series after just one read-through. Steve Martin, who worked with Grazer on the 1989 film *Parenthood*, is developing a half-hour sitcom called *Acting Class*. And *M*A*S*H* creator Larry Gelbart is playing around with ideas for a new series for Imagine.

Imagine (which is in partnership with Disney's Touchstone Television) is also nurturing unknown talent. After seeing *The Script Doctor*, a short film made for



just \$150 by the Fields brothers, a Cleveland, Ohio, threesome who worked in their father's wedding-video business, the company hired them to develop *Student Affairs*. And New York independent filmmaker Noah Baumbach, 29, got a telephone call from Imagine inviting him to pitch TV ideas similar to his chatty, cerebral film comedies (one, *Kicking and Screaming*, was about a group of guys who graduate from college but won't leave). Baumbach came up with *Thirty*, based in part on his own life and the lives of his friends.

Since Baumbach had no TV experience, Imagine had to give him a crash course in writing outlines, developing characters and thinking through a season of story "arcs," or plot lines. But his style hasn't been homogenized. Unlike most sitcoms that use three-wall sets, *Thirty* will shoot on four-wall sets to convey a sense of reality and depth. Eccentric camerawork will swirl around characters and focus on them from odd angles. The



A LITTLE HELP FROM THEIR FRIENDS
From left, Howard, Krantz and Grazer are bringing creative moviemakers to TV

network agreed to Baumbach's request to film the show without an audience. But while Baumbach would like to do without a laugh track, the show—like *Sports Night*—will have one. In any case, innovations don't come cheap. The *Thirty* pilot cost about \$1.9 million, compared with \$1.2 million for an average sitcom.

The networks aren't persuaded that such unconventional shows will snare viewers. *Sports Night*, after all, has been the darling of critics but ranks No. 64 for the season. As for *Felicity*, despite the appearance of its star, Keri Russell, on at least 10 magazine covers, the show has performed only modestly in the ratings. But Imagine's executives remain confident and argue that given a chance, their shows will build slowly and steadily, much as *Seinfeld* and *Cheers* did. If they do, Imagine will get the last laugh—track or no. ■

The Soul of a Small Town

In his latest, Tracy Kidder stays close to home



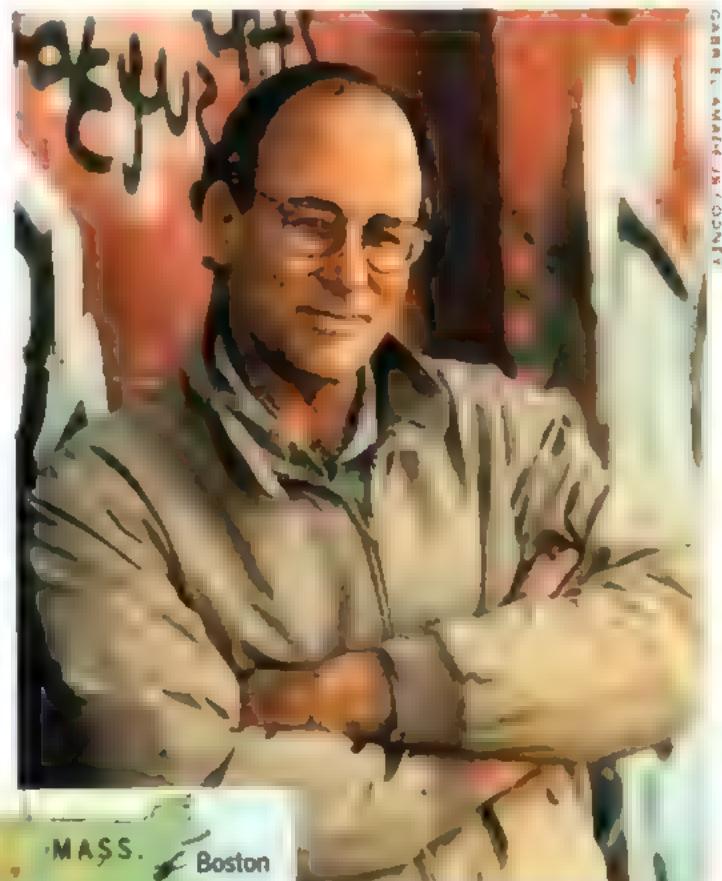
FROM A RIDGE ON MOUNT Holyoke—the mountain, not the college—Tracy Kidder looks down at Northampton, Mass., near where he lives. He has just written an impressionistic portrait of this old New England community, *Home*

Town (Random House; 349 pages; \$25.95). From his perch, he dreams up a lofty introduction that concludes, "... the cornfields are a dream of perfect order, and the town seems entirely coherent, self-contained, a place where a person might live a whole life and consider it complete, a tiny civilization all its own." Then, beguiled by a sentimental image, he adds, "The town below fits in the palm of your hand. Shake it and it snows."

Not really. That sugary last sentence, conjuring a toy town in a glass paperweight, doesn't describe Northampton or, fortunately, Kidder's fond but unsentimental book. The author's great gift, in fact, is for looking at his subjects straight on. He did this impressively in *The Soul of a New Machine* (1981), about the development of a supermini-computer, and in *House* (1985), about the jostling interchanges among architect, builders and buyers of a private home.

Kidder surveys Northampton through several sets of eyes—those of a local judge, a shelf of historians, a gabble of politicians, a small-bore drug dealer and an adult scholarship student at Smith College. But the observer who tells most of the story—whose life, to a considerable extent, is the story—is a not quite middle-aged town cop named Tommy O'Connor. If what he had to tell were simply the reports of night patrols, arrests made, cars chased, shots taken or withheld, the view would be a narrow kind of truth. But O'Connor was born in town—his father Bill was the county treasurer—played Little League here, has seen jobs dry up and the downtown decay, and then, with the mixed feelings that natives reserve for too prosperous new-

comers, has seen the fine old town center yuppified, gussified, boutiqued into economic health. He has watched the decline of his own Irish as a force in the town, and the rise of activist lesbians and utterly apolitical, though mildly troublesome, kids with green hair and nose rings. He's a tough, no-fooling cop, but he's able to say, and mostly believe, "All the lunacy, that's half the beauty of it. This is a great town to work in." The half-mocking nickname he has earned from fellow cops is "Father O'Connor," and he will joke and scold and reason with a cranky teenager, and listen for a long time to a young mother whose record of



SOLID CITIZEN: The author found his hero in a local cop who told him, "All the lunacy, that's half the beauty of it"

staying off drugs is not quite spotless.

The author of this extraordinary job of reporting and writing sees the town's humanity through this very human cop, but well before a reader might say, "Yes, yes, got it," he veers off to tell other stories. What he finds amazes him. You'd be overcome, he muses, if all the town's roofs came off and you were forced to look down—"and not just by malignancy and suffering, but by all the tenderness and joy, all the little acts of courage and kindness ... to apprehend it all at once—who could stand it?"

—By John Skow

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179

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Humming The Battles

The Civil War has little history but lots of tunes

ANATION DIVIDED. TWO IRRECONCILABLE causes. Fanatical partisans on both sides. The Civil War? No, it's the battle over Frank Wildhorn. The prolific composer who gave us *Jekyll & Hyde* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is routinely dismissed as an easy-listening schlockmeister by the discerning critics. Audiences, however, keep flocking to his shows.

With *The Civil War*, his latest Broadway offering, Wildhorn makes a bold effort to bind up the nation's wounds. This time, he has tackled a suitably lofty subject, aimed at satisfying snobs and middlebrows alike. The good news is that *The Civil War*

JOAQUIN PATINO



BE JOYFUL: Raising the roof in River Jordan; below, Molloy and Gilles Chiasson parting

avoids the pulpy melodramatics that bogged down his other shows. The bad news is that there are few dramatics of any kind—just a string of emblematic scenes-in-song, a kind of musicalized slide show of America's great conflict. Two brothers go off to fight on opposing sides. A wife pines for her soldier husband. Former slaves raise the roof to celebrate freedom. The lyrics cover all the predictable bases ("Sometimes it's too much to bear/ The dead and dying everywhere"). Wildhorn and his collaborators—director Jerry Zaks; co-writers Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy—have smoothly packaged a lot

of material (more of which can be heard on the two-CD concept album). But what they offer makes for thin gruel, dramatically and historically.

Musically, though, the show can't be dismissed. Best known for his overripe pop anthems, Wildhorn may be the Celine Dion of Broadway composers, but here he shows more interesting colors. *Missing You*, sung by a Union wife (Irene Molloy) to her absent husband, has a plainspoken country ache. *Oh! Be Joyful!* is a spirited mock-gospel number in which some bored soldiers praise their liquor. And if the big soul-gospel songs like *River Jordan* seem a tad generic, they are rousing nonetheless. When the cast of fine, if overmiked, singers cuts loose in numbers like these, *The Civil War* can soar

—By Richard Zoglin

.00002 on the Richter scale.



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SAINT FRANCIS AND FOUR POSTHUMOUS MIRACLES, SECOND THIRD OF THE 13TH CENTURY

From Assisi's Treasury

A show of medieval works serves as a reminder of repair efforts on the quake-damaged church

By ROBERT HUGHES

THE HOLY AND FRUGAL ST. FRANCIS believed that his order of monks ought to survive by begging. In a way, this pious tradition is preserved by a show that is now on view at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi" comprises some 70 works of art—paintings, sculpture, textiles, manuscripts and metalwork—drawn in part from the 13th century *tesoro*, or museum, of the Basilica of San Francesco in Assisi, Italy. Its main purpose is to draw attention to the disaster that struck the great pilgrimage center in September 1997, when an earthquake shook loose the

vaults of its upper church, weakening the whole structure and bringing down some 2,000 sq. ft. of frescoes by Cimabue and Giotto in a ruin of colored plaster-dust and tens of thousands of jigsaw-puzzle fragments.

This was the worst catastrophe to afflict the fragile patrimony of Italian art history since the 1966 flood in Florence, but the Italian church and civil authorities rashly promised to have the basilica restored and open to the public again in time for Christmas 1999. The restoration cost was esti-

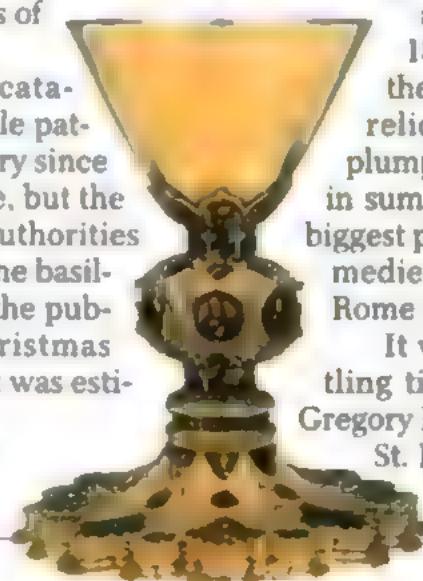
mated at \$60 million—the price, more or less, of a single Van Gogh, but not easy to raise. The aim of this show, then, is to remind the public of the Assisi disaster and of the urgency of its repair.

From the time it was founded in 1228, right after the canonization of St. Francis, the great basilica was showered with gifts of liturgical art. One may well ask how an order dedicated to holy poverty managed to raise the money to construct the basilica, fill it with frescoes and altarpieces by the most esteemed and expensive artists of the

13th century, and acquire the rich collection of chalices, reliquaries and the like that plumped out its treasure house—in sum, to turn the place into the biggest pilgrimage center in the late medieval world, after Jerusalem, Rome and Compostela.

It wasn't done by monks rattling tin cups on street corners. Gregory IX, the Pope who canonized St. Francis, wanted to establish San Francesco partly for

CHALICE OF NICHOLAS IV
LATE 13TH CENTURY

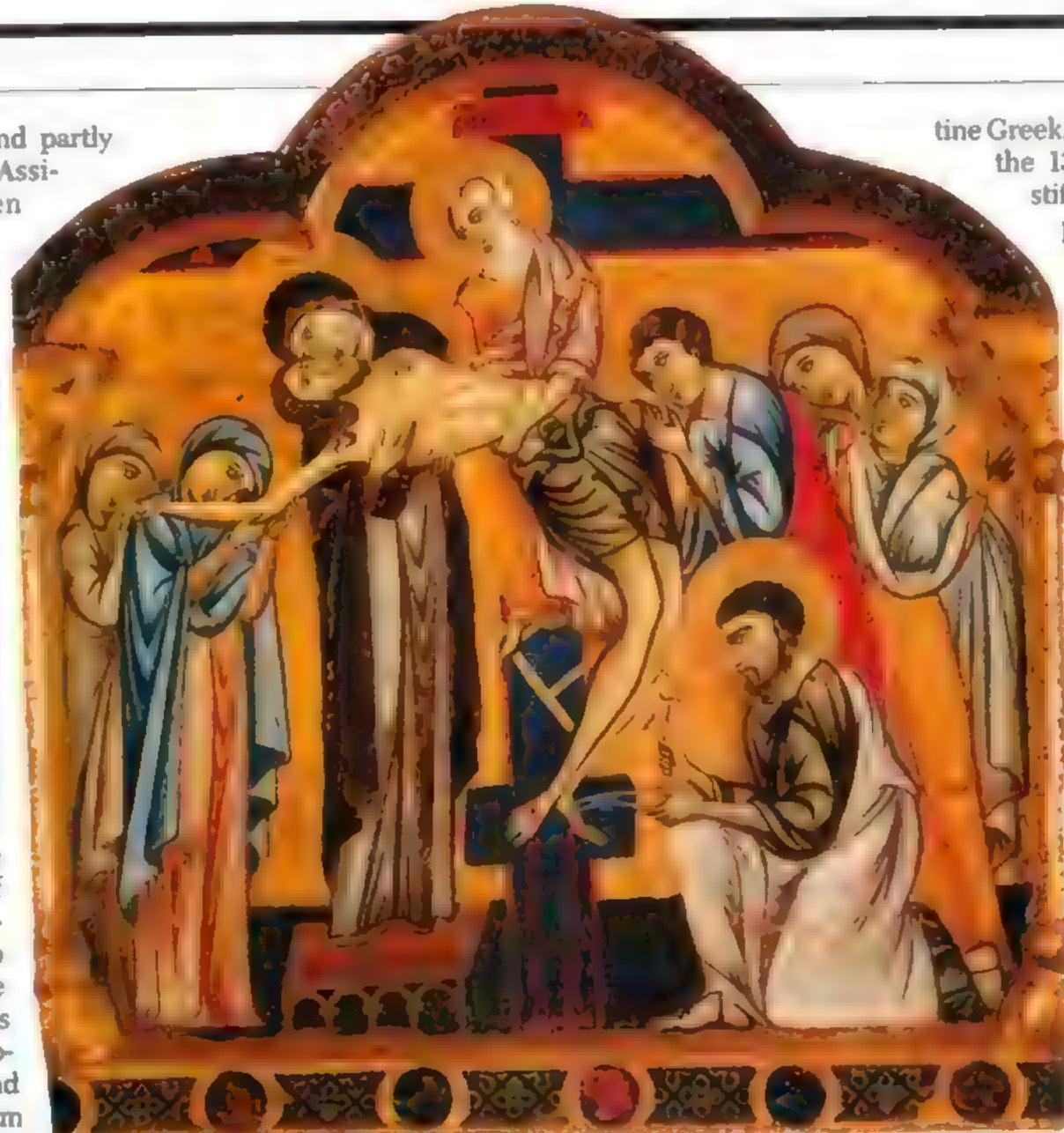


religious reasons and partly for political ones—Assisi, which had been wrested from the Holy Roman Emperor only some 20 years before, was the major power base for the papacy in central Italy. He took the sanctuary under his ample wing, supplying the land and encouraging donations to it. Later Popes sometimes took up residence there.

San Francesco was, in effect, papal property, and this carried implications that the high and mighty of Europe could hardly ignore. Gifts to San Francesco were gifts to the papacy as well as to the memory of St. Francis, and they poured in from all over Christendom:

vestments made by Arabic textile masters in Palermo and presented by the crusader King of Jerusalem; illuminated manuscripts from Louis IX, King of France (and later a saint himself); sumptuous tokens from the rulers of England, Germany and Spain, as well as the various lay and ecclesiastical big-wigs of Italy and the successive Popes themselves. The last person to leave a big gift of medieval Italian art to San Francesco was, oddly enough, a 20th century American who died in 1955—the collector-dealer Frederick Mason Perkins, a friend of Bernard Berenson's.

But things also went out. From the 14th to the 19th centuries, the tesoro was regularly pillaged—in riots, civil wars, revolutions and invasions. During the decline of the Franciscan order, the monks themselves were not above alleviating their holy poverty by doing a little de-accessioning. They were apparently following their founder's injunction by selling what they had and giving the proceeds to the poor (themselves). All in all, what remains of the basilican treasury is only a fragment of its earlier glories. So one should not, perhaps, expect too much from this show. In any case, it bears only the slightest proportional relation to the bewildering and dense variety of works of art that are to be seen in the whole fabric of San Frances-



THE DEPOSITION
THIRD QUARTER OF 13TH CENTURY

co—about the same ratio, you might say, that a crumb of saint's bone in one of its reliquaries does to the whole body.

Nevertheless, the show—which will be at the Met through June 27 and then move to San Francesco, appropriately enough, for the summer—has some exceptional things in it. Perhaps the finest of its paintings, and the most exuberantly fresh in its coloring, is a portion of what must have been one of the great 13th century Italian altarpieces. It is the work of an unidentified Umbrian artist known only as the Master of St. Francis, and it shows a decided breakaway from Byzantine conventions in the modeling of its figures. In its scene of Christ's deposition from the Cross, the figure of the Saviour bends into an extraordinary U of anguish, pathetic but tense, as though he were about to spring back into life.

Of almost equal quality is a very early panel depicting a tonsured, hollow-cheeked and rather minatory St. Francis, holding a cross and an open New Testament and exhibiting the stigmata on his hands and feet, standing ramrod-straight and flanked by four scenes of his posthumous miracles. It was done by an unknown artist, either an Italian or a Byzan-

tine Greek, in the second third of the 13th century. It looks stiff and archaic, yet the painter has infused a remarkable energy into some of its details, such as the calligraphic loops on the blue robe of a madwoman from whose mouth an exorcised devil is escaping.

There is a lot of work in precious metals—reliquaries, chalices and other kinds of liturgical equipment. The reliquaries were done at the highest pitch of craft, mostly by goldsmiths whose names have not survived. A modern eye is more apt to enjoy the spectacle of the concentrated, disciplined labor that went into building a tiny sarcophagus

out of gold and rock crystal to house a brown bit of human tissue that may or may not have been part of St. Vitus, or a supposed rag off the "seamless robe" worn by Christ at his Crucifixion. Seven hundred years ago, of course, it was the relic itself that really counted, that was "precious" and "unique"; the roles of container and content have reversed.

The single most dazzling object in the show is neither a reliquary nor a painting, nor even a manuscript illumination. It is the chalice made by the Sienese goldsmith Guccio di Mannaia, presented to the Franciscans by Pope Nicholas IV in the late 13th century. In design and workmanship it is more than a masterpiece—it's one of the greatest monuments of medieval art, standing only a little more than nine inches high. Its base, stem and bulb are decorated with some 80 tiny and exquisitely made enamel-glass plaques, representing mythical beasts, evangelists, angels, prophets and apostles. The gold surface between them carries a rich linear ornamentation that never gets congested. The silver-gilt cup, borne up on the stem, is quite plain: it shifts visual gear from the "worldly" solidity of the base to an abstract purity that seems transcendent. If you wanted a container for the blood of Jesus, it would be impossible to imagine a more fitting one than this.

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I lead a hectic life. Between my part-time job, the kids, after-school activities and sports, my days are filled with things to do, places to go and people to see. This non-stop activity from dawn until dusk can be fulfilling, but it can also be pretty stressful, so at night, I need to relax and recuperate. Nothing helps me rebound like a good night's sleep, and nothing helps to promote restful therapeutic sleep like the proper mattress.

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Scientists and doctors agree that the ideal position is a neutral body posture in which the different parts of the human body are supported individually and evenly. This is the secret behind NatureSleep Platinum, the revolutionary new product that turns any bed into the ideal sleep surface.

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BOOKS

GARDENS IN THE DUNES By Leslie Marmon Silko Indigo is the last remnant of a desert Indian tribe at the turn of the century. Orphaned by a U.S. cavalry raid, the girl is captured and sent to boarding school. She escapes, only to be discovered by a monkey and its newly married mistress, Hattie Palmer. Indigo, fighting to keep her culture, and Hattie, fed up with her own, form an uneasy bond.

No matter how many new worlds Hattie takes the girl to, Indigo longs to return to the tribal gardens in the dunes. The plot undergoes some awkward twists to accommodate that wish, but Silko has crafted a dreamlike tale out of one of the ugliest realities in American history. —By Nadya Labi

A THOUSAND SUNS By Dominique Lapierre The accomplished French author of the 1985 best seller *The City of Joy* recapitulates in honeyed prose more than a dozen stories he covered in his long career in journalism.

He interviews the bullfighter El Cordobés and retraces Mahatma Gandhi's last moments. Much of the narrative runs to the cloyingly inspirational, and a good deal of it challenges credulity. For example, Caryl Chessman, awaiting execution at San Quentin, is portrayed as an intellectual who speaks in finely wrought sentences as he discourses about crime prevention, citing Albert Camus ("What a writer!"). Oh, what a mess! —By Jesse Birnbaum

TELEVISION

THE AWFUL TRUTH Bravo, Fridays The further the mainstream pushes Michael Moore away, the more tenacious he gets. He has been banished all the way to Bravo, and though his new show is not as slick as his last (*TV Nation*), it's even more hard-hitting. Moore bothers Big Business again, as he does when he invites Humana execs



STYLE AISLE

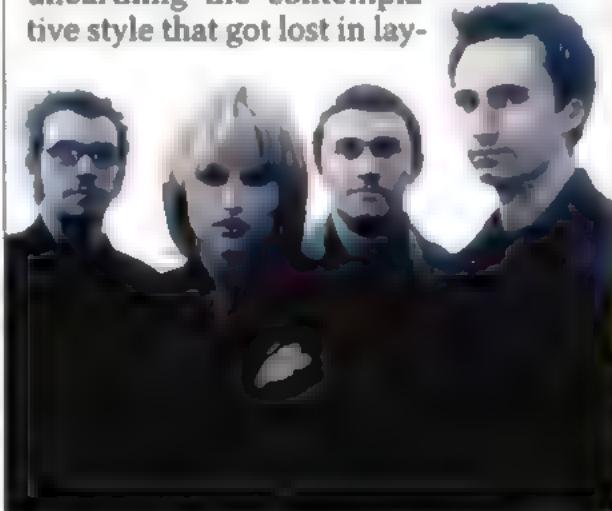


SHOW TIME: Thanks to architects Rem Koolhaas and Richard Gluckman, New York City's Second Stage Theatre has a new home—an old bank. Turning conventional notions of theater design upside down, the team put the box office in an old walk-in safe and retained the bank's windows and light-filled atmosphere. When a show starts, huge drapes cover the windows—a whole new type of curtain raiser.

to the mock funeral of a man whose pancreas transplant has been denied by the insurers. It's unusual to find an angry liberal in this economy, but Moore makes a better case for the working guy than any politician out there. —By Joel Stein

MUSIC

BURY THE HATCHET The Cranberries Their tranquil, folky sound was once dubbed "dream pop," so the Irish quartet spent most of the 1990s trying to dispel that label (and its implied wimpiness) by veering into rough-edged rock. *Bury the Hatchet* deftly reverses course, scaling back the band's vision from the worldly to the personal and unearthing the contemplative style that got lost in lay-



ers of guitar noise. The band has rediscovered where its allure lies: in carefully sculpted songs that aren't too overpowering. —By David E. Thigpen

CINEMA

eXistenZ Directed by David Cronenberg In this virtual-reality game, the game-pod looks like an animal kidney, and the plug (ugh) goes into a hole in your back. No big deal, says the game's creator (Jennifer Jason Leigh): "They do it in malls;



it's like having your ears pierced." She might be a stand-in for the writer-director, who in *Scanners*, *Videodrome*, *Crash* and *The Fly* has dealt creepily and eloquently with the disintegration of mind and body. *eXistenZ*, where Leigh and Jude Law get into a virtual reality game and can't get out, is more modest than its current twin, *The Matrix*, but it pulses with a furtive fury that's pure Cronenberg. Like the virtual game he plays on us, the film is weird, it's addictive, and Lord, it's alive! —By Richard Corliss

PUSHING TIN Directed by Mike Newell Air-traffic controllers are the true macho men of sky biz—cowboy choreographers who get the dozens of planes over New York City's airports "lined up like Rockettes." As long as Glen and Les Charles' script focuses on the controllers' wayward bravado, the film has the tang of an old Howard Hawks film about tough guys under pressure. But like its frazzled hero, Nick (John Cusack), this ambitious, well-cast movie goes haywire when Nick's rivalry with psycho-genius Billy Bob Thornton turns into a game of sexual one-upsmanship. Tin tailspins into silliness and never regains its flight pattern.—R.C.



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Christine Gorman

Sunny-Side Up

Eating an egg a day won't keep the doctor away, but it probably won't hurt your heart either

I STOPPED EATING EGGS ABOUT 15 YEARS AGO. IT WAS one of those offhand decisions, made with very little thought or research. I'd just finished whipping up a chocolate mousse—full of raw egg whites—when a college friend warned me ominously about salmonella poisoning. (Talk about deflating!) Then came all those stories about eggs being loaded with artery-clogging cholesterol, and somehow I lost my taste for them. Whenever I did eat a hard-boiled egg, I'd feel guilty.

Not anymore. Eating as much as an egg a day doesn't appear to increase your risk of developing heart disease or suffering a stroke, according to a study published in last week's issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. That doesn't mean you should chow down endless servings of omelet, quiche and soufflé, however. For one thing, many Americans like their eggs fried in butter or served with bacon, both of which contain lots of saturated fat, the ingredient that does the most to clog your arteries. For another, the study shows that eating a lot of eggs may be unhealthy for folks with diabetes, although that's a preliminary finding that still has to be confirmed.

It turns out that the most damning evidence doctors had against eggs was circumstantial. Eggs, or really egg yolks, contain about 215 mg of cholesterol. There is no question that eating a diet rich in cholesterol raises the level of cholesterol in the blood. A high cholesterol count (more than 240 mg/dL, or 6.18 millimoles/L) is clearly tied to a greater risk of heart disease and stroke. So it seemed logical to conclude that everyone should stop eating eggs.

Logical, but wrong. When scientists measured exactly how much eggs raise cholesterol levels in the blood, they found the increase was small. (One exception is the folks whom doctors call responders, who churn out cholesterol when they eat eggs.) Researchers from Harvard University and



Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston went a step further in the study released last week and looked at actual egg consumption among 120,000 nurses and other health professionals with normal cholesterol levels. After eliminating the "bacon effect," the researchers found no link between eggs and heart disease or stroke. The major exception: folks with diabetes, who are already at greater risk for both conditions.

What should we make of this study (besides the fact that even health columnists make mistakes)? It's fine for scientists to focus on individual foods or nutrients. That's how they learn. But you and I have to consider our overall diet and

health habits. Start by cutting down—not cutting out—the amount of saturated fat (ice cream, butter, whole milk) in your diet. Eat more whole grains (whole wheat, barley, oatmeal), which contain lots of fiber and phytochemicals, rather than refined cereal products. Load up on fruits and vegetables. Keep your weight under control. Don't forget to exercise. The American Heart Association's recommendation that you eat no more than four egg yolks a week still seems prudent. But if you decide to add more, you may want to have your cholesterol tested again in six months just to be safe. ■

To read an abstract of the JAMA study on the Web, visit www.jama.com. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

BETTER THAN A BIOPSY

The FDA has approved a handheld imaging device that can help doctors decide whether to perform a biopsy when the results of a mammogram are ambiguous. The device, called T-Scan 2000, sends a tiny jolt of electricity to suspicious breast tissue; potentially malignant cells conduct electricity differently than normal cells do. T-Scan is not meant to replace a mammogram, but it may prevent some 200,000 unnecessary biopsies a year.



GOT MILK? Root-canal specialists say there's an easy way to help save a tooth that gets knocked out. Put it in a glass of milk. Milk keeps a tooth alive by nourishing cells on the root. You still need to rush to the dentist, though. Milk can preserve a tooth for only so long—about an hour.

PAIN-KILLER PROBLEM

The superspirin Celebrex, touted as a potent but easy-on-the-stomach pain-killer for arthritis, may be linked to 10 deaths and 11 cases of gastrointestinal hemorrhages, according to the *Wall Street Journal*. What's more, five of the deaths may have been due to gastrointestinal bleeding. Monsanto, the drug's manufacturer, says there's no proof that Celebrex actually caused any deaths. Plenty of folks use the drug: 2.5 million prescriptions have been written since it was introduced in January.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON Each year 250,000 adults succumb to sudden cardiac death. Now French researchers say the condition is probably hereditary.

They followed 7,000 middle-aged men for 23 years and found that those with a parent who died of sudden cardiac arrest were nearly twice as likely to die of it—and at about the same age—as those whose parents died of other causes. —By Janice M. Morowitz

Sources: Good News: FDA, American Association of Endocrinologists annual meeting; Bad News: *Wall Street Journal* (4/20/99); *Circulation* (4/20/99).



Daniel Kadlec

Mogul Moments

Talk to 10 different dealmakers and you get some surprisingly similar, sensible advice

HUGH MCCOLL, THE CEO OF BANK OF AMERICA, once fired an executive because the guy smoked a pipe at work. "I figured anybody who had enough

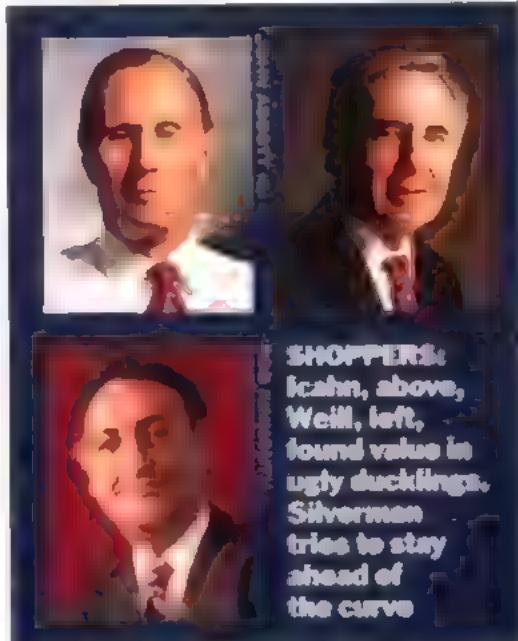
time to mess with pipes had too slow a metabolism for me," he explains. O.K., he's not exactly a softy. But McColl's ability to acquire and absorb one large bank after another can teach us a thing or two about teamwork: "We are people who believe in disagreeing sharply ... But when we leave the room ... we are in lockstep ... Support the team, or you're out."

In the 14 years that I've spent chronicling Wall Street, and the foibles and traits of characters like McColl, I've learned a lot about how fortunes are made. For McColl, a no-nonsense work ethic and drop-dead loyalty to trusted managers have transformed him from small-town banker to first-class sensation. Sandy Weill, co-CEO of Citigroup, earned riches by seizing out-of-favor companies when, he says, they "look like a disaster to someone else but like an opportunity to [me]."

Executives like McColl and moguls like Weill operate in rarefied circles. But much of what they practice can apply to everyday investors and business people. In my book, *Masters of the Universe: Winning Strategies of America's Greatest Deal Makers* (HarperCollins), I've tried to capture key philosophies of 10 Wall Street superstars who have a collective net worth of \$12 billion. They must know something, right?

My most searing impressions from many hours of big-shot interviews are that persistence pays, and that the toughest part of any important decision is overcoming the omnipresent skeptics. There's simply no substitute for believing in what you do. Still, I found it strangely heartening to learn that billionaire investors face the same nagging questions as any novice buying 100 shares of America Online. Here are some lessons to draw from *Masters*:

► Value investing still works. "I like to look at asset plays, stuff that makes sense no matter which way the market goes," says



SHOPPERS: Icahn, above, Weill, left, found value in ugly ducklings. Silverman tries to stay ahead of the curve

Carl Icahn, one of the few '80s raiders still plying that trade. Buying stocks with low multiples of earnings is out of fashion in today's Internet market. But that's where the long-term values lie.

► Don't be a pig. "The best kind of deal is one that works out well for both sides," says Sumner Redstone, CEO of Viacom. AutoNation chairman H. Wayne Huizenga says, "You never know when

you'll find yourself sitting across the negotiating table from that person again." In market terms: Forget the last fraction. Pigs get slaughtered.

► Early bird gets the return. "You make money by changing the rules and being there first," says Henry Silverman, CEO of Cendant. Not everyone has such clout. But by using special knowledge of your job or hobby you can spot a trend early.

► What you buy is more important than what you pay. "You buy the wrong business at 25% less than you should, and you take a little longer to go broke," says buyout artist Ted Forstmann. "You buy the right business at 25% more than you should, and you make five times your money instead of six."

► No risk, no reward. "You have to be in the game to win," says Gary Wilson, whose daring buyout of Northwest Airlines nearly ruined him before minting him a fortune. That's about as basic as it gets—and the chief argument for owning stocks. ■

See time.com/personal for more on Dan's book, in stores this week. And see him on CNNfn Tuesdays at 12:45 p.m. E.T.

SNAP, CRACKLE, PAY Following Kellogg and Quaker Oats, General Mills just raised cereal prices 2.5%, adding a nickel or dime to boxes of Wheaties and Cheenios. It's a risky move for the industry, what with low grain prices, inflation nonexistent and cereal selling for about \$2.85 a box. In the past few years, consumers and investors have punished Kellogg for raising prices; it reported a 30% slide in earnings last week, and its CEO was eased out this year for the poor performance.



TRADE WINDS He rode the tech wave skillfully, but now Fidelity Magellan manager Robert Stansky seems a bit wary. Over the past few months, Stansky has lightened his tech load, from 25% to 20%, replacing Intel and Lucent at the top of his portfolio with Citigroup and Time Warner [parent of TIME's publisher]. He still has Microsoft, MCI WorldCom, AOL and Cisco (along with GE, Home Depot, Wal-Mart and Merck) at the core, a strategy that's working: so far, he's still beating the S&P, with a 12% return this year.

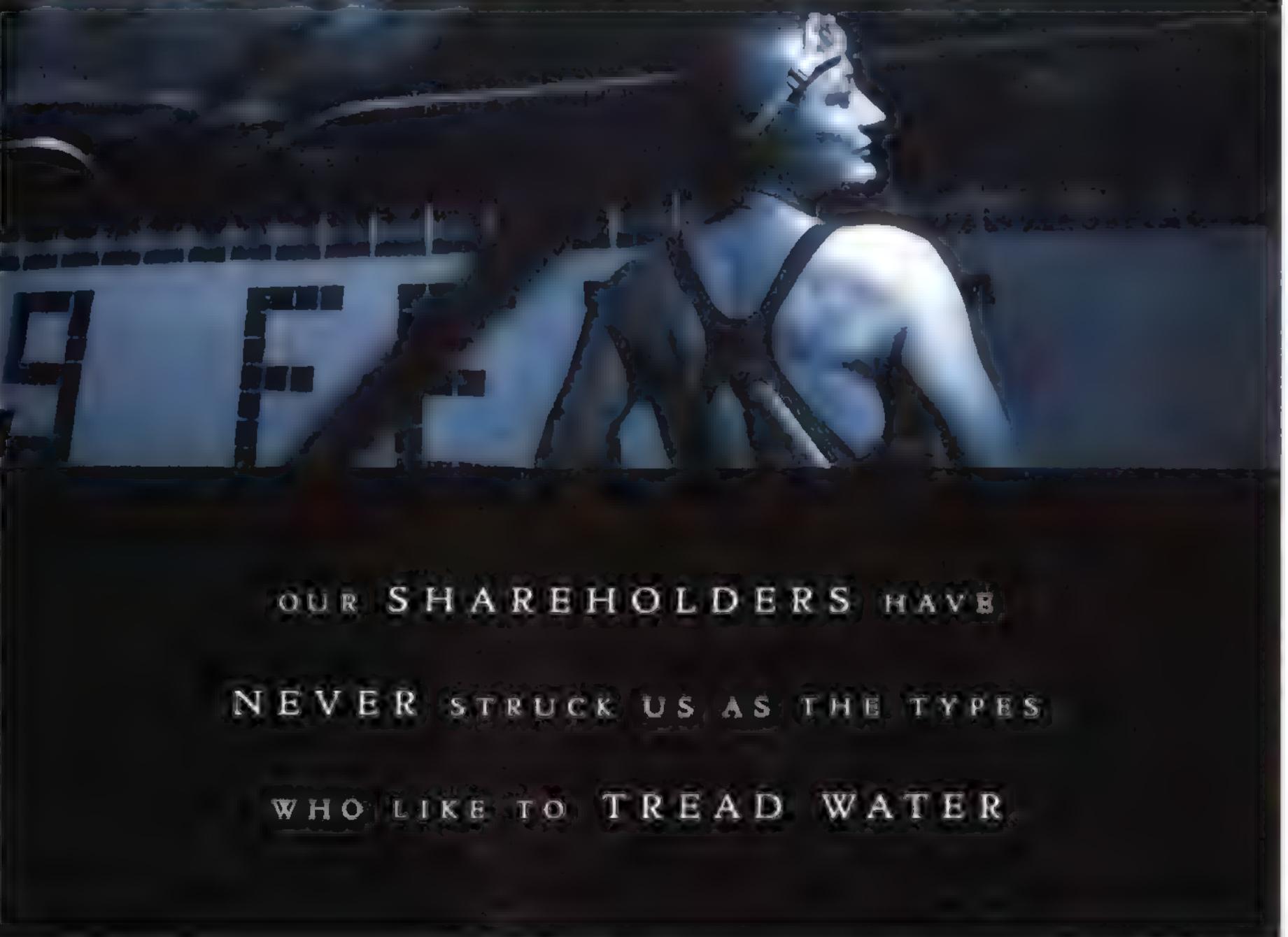
Fidelity Magellan Fund Top 10 Holdings

IN	OUT
Citigroup	Intel
Time Warner	Lucent

REITS, WE SAID Can Warren Buffett pull chronically depressed real estate investment trusts out of their recent doldrums? The Oracle of Omaha (apparently following an earlier recommendation on this page) has jumped into REITs in the past few weeks, taking sizable stakes in MGI Properties, Tanger Factory Outlet Centers and Town & Country Trust and spurring investors to make similar bets. While REITs haven't completely rebounded from the 17% hit they took in 1998, they have made a strong showing of late, gaining a healthy 11% in the past two weeks alone.

Morgan Stanley REIT index Monthly closes





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GTE



Joshua Quittner

E-Book Report

If you haven't yet seen one of the new electronic books, you soon will. Are they worth reading?

SOME NIGHTS, I WISH MY WIFE HAD AN E-BOOK, ONE OF those battery-powered gadgets with high-resolution screens that can hold thousands of pages of best-selling text. I have always been a *Princess and the Pea* kind of sleeper. The slightest noise—even the sound of a page being turned—is enough to make me sit bolt upright, as if a torpedo had just slammed into the powder room. E-books are noiseless. Also, since they are backlit, your bedmate can read them in the dark.

I decided this was as good a reason as any to take one of the new gizmos for a test drive. My timing was perfect, since the battle of the e-books is beginning to heat up. You can't find them at Barnes & Noble yet, but barnesandnoble.com last week started selling Nuvo-Media's Rocket eBook (\$499). And Rocket's main competitor, Soft-Book Press, is now selling its notebook-size device for \$299—if you agree to buy \$19.95 worth of books monthly for two years. Given the slim library currently available for the SoftBook (fewer than 139 titles), the purchase plan could be a gamble.

So I tried the Rocket eBook, which has a library of 486 books that can be downloaded from the Barnes & Noble website. The device can stand alone or sit in a cradle that attaches to your PC; your browser then becomes the way you find stuff to read—either books at B&N or websites whose content, images and all, can be downloaded free.

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You'll find more than a few frustrations, however. For instance, since the books are distributed as bytes online rather than on expensive paper, you might expect to get a break on price. You



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had used to set up a barnesandnoble.com account. As a result all my purchases were rejected at first.)

In fact, I found I had more fun with my eBook when I wasn't reading books. A software upgrade released last week allows you to transfer text documents (e-mail, Microsoft Word files and the like) from your computer to your eBook and read them there. It also enables you to upload your own writings to its website, which could someday turn into a novel venue for would-be novelists.

But eBook's price is still too steep for all but the most motivated readers. Light sleepers and their spouses are certainly in that group. As are people who don't want to lug around a ton of books when they're on the road. The visually impaired especially may appreciate a feature that lets you increase the font size, making eBooks considerably easier on the eyes than the average paperback. For everyone else, though, I'd say stick with paper—at least for now. ■

For more on the Rocket eBook, go to www.nuvomedia.com. Any questions for Quittner? E-mail him at jquit@well.com

SURFER'S SPECIAL Leave it to Nike to develop a sports watch that's way cool but only halfway useful. Its new Typhoon watch (\$135) gives daily high-and low-tide data for 175 of the most popular surf spots in the world, from Oahu to Okinawa. Nike claims the Typhoon will be accurate for 50 years, thanks to a special algorithm that



considers everything from the moon's pull to the topographical nuances of each beach. Of course, surfers on a tight budget can always check the tide tables in the local newspaper instead.

ANNIE ONLINE Trying to happily match children with families looking to adopt can be a complex and emotionally charged process. But it may get a lot easier, thanks to a federal website announced last week. When it goes live in September 2001, the site will provide the first national listing to include photos and profiles

of the more than 8,000 children in foster homes who are available for adoption. That number could triple by 2001 as new laws requiring permanent homes for foster children take effect. Among the many states that already post their own listings are Texas (www.tdprs.state.tx.us) and New York (www.dfa.state.ny.us).

WHITNEY'S WEB

Can't make it to the Whitney Museum for its big retrospective exhibit of 20th century paintings, photographs,



sculpture and crafts? Then log onto Intel's artmuseum.net to see 100 works by the likes of Georgia O'Keeffe, Jackson Pollock and Paul Strand. Online extras include a video of the famous 1923 boxing match between Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo that inspired George Bellows' *Dempsey & Firpo*. You can also create a custom tour by selecting your favorite images—shopping-cart style—and share them with friends.

—By Anita Hamilton

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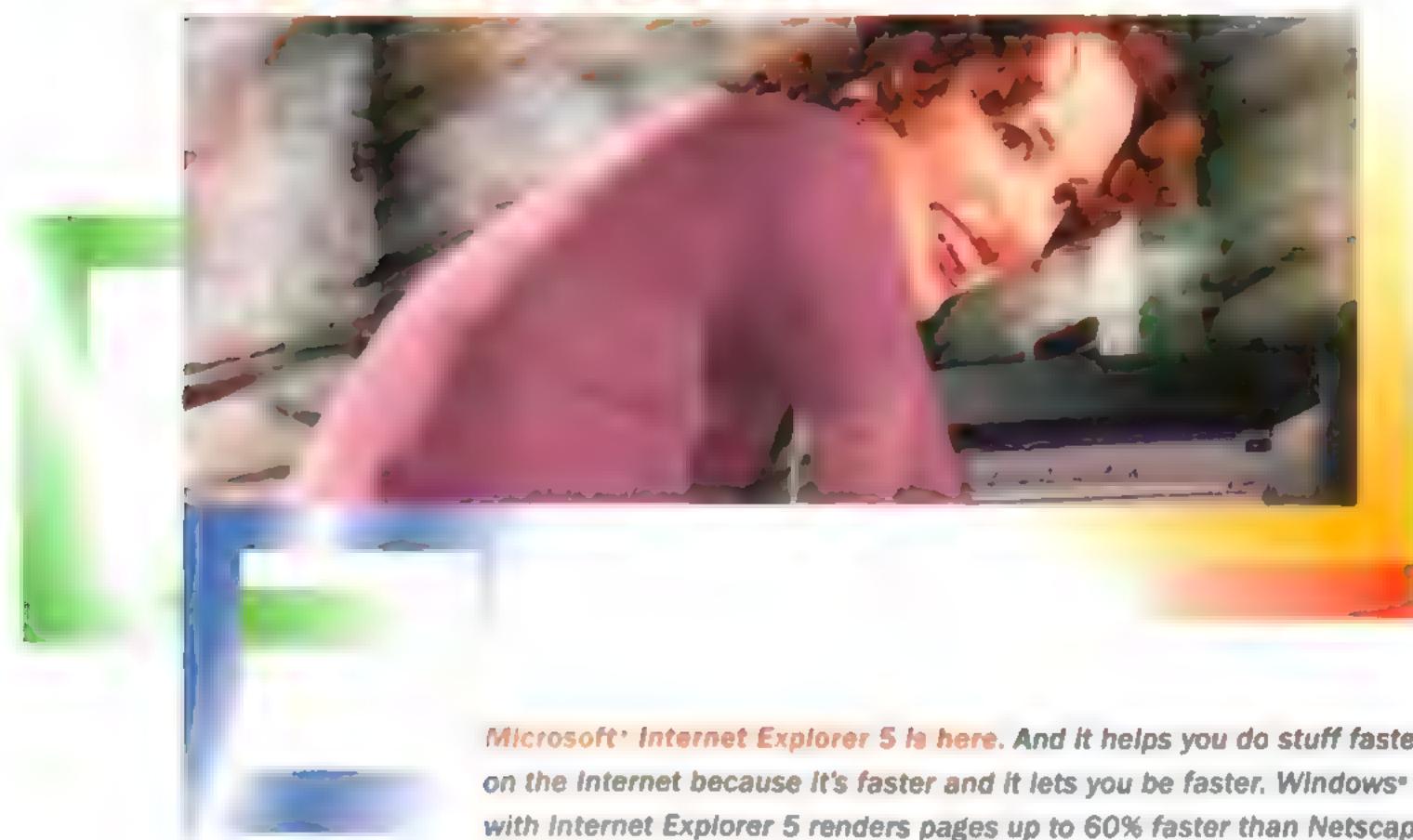
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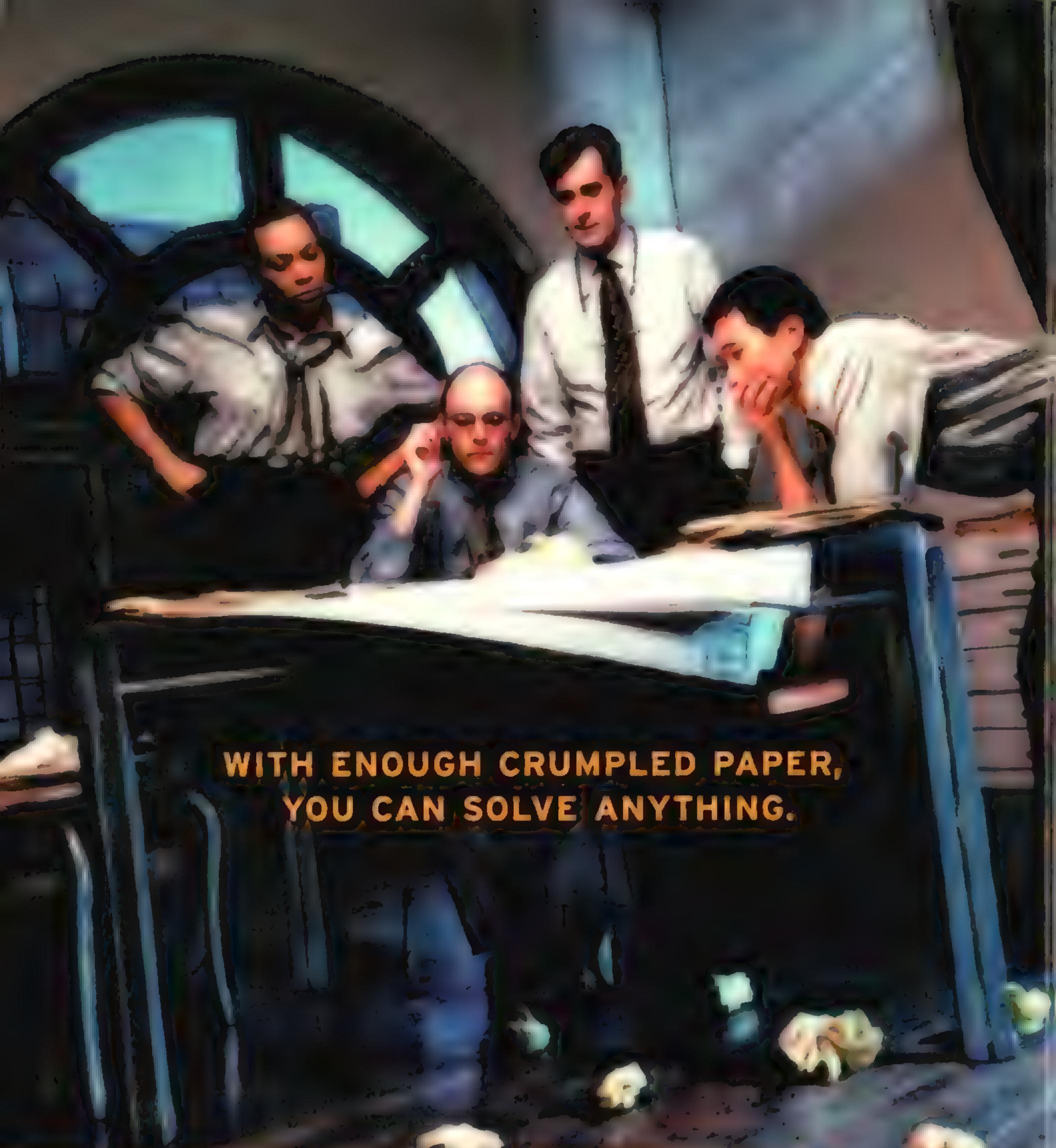
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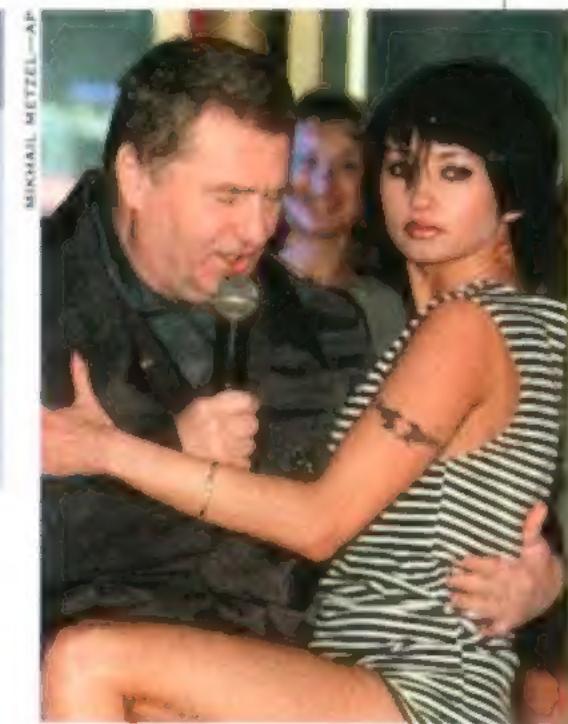
THE ARTIST NOW KNOWN AS REPRINCE

If your *Raspberry Beret* has begun to look a little frayed, don't despair. **THE ARTIST** (formerly known as sane) has announced plans to rerecord all 17 albums he made between 1978 and 1996 with his former label Warner Bros. Yes, such classics as *Controversy*, 1999 and *Purple Rain* can be yours, again. The Artist has been feuding with Warner Bros. for years, in part because he wants full ownership of his output. By re-recording his catalog and releasing it on his own label, he'll retain control of the master recordings—not to mention reap more profits. Plus, the Artist believes, improved technology will make the music sound better. Let's just hope he won't be inspired to reshoot *Under the Cherry Moon*.

RAGING BULLWINKLE

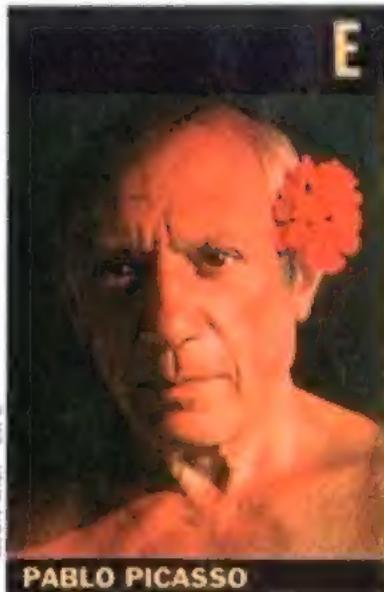
ROBERT DE NIRO, JASON ALEXANDER and RENE RUSSO are big stars, but they aren't the headliners on their current project. That honor falls to a computer-generated moose and squirrel. The movie, *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, features De Niro as Fearless Leader, Alexander as Boris and Russo as Natasha; the critters will be added during editing. De Niro reports he had no difficulty shooting scenes with half the characters absent. "It's not hard unless you have a very emotional scene," he says. Which means we probably won't learn much about Bullwinkle's troubled childhood.

PHILLIP CARUSO—UNIVERSAL



Tom Joneski

Russian funny man and ultranationalist parliamentarian **VLADIMIR ZHIRINOVSKY** took time out of his legislative duties last week to celebrate the release of his first compact disc, a collection of pop tunes titled *The Real Colonel*. Zhirinovsky, once considered a leading contender for the presidency, held the celebration at Dolls, one of Moscow's more distinguished strip clubs. The head of the Liberal Democratic Party thrilled the audience when he took the stage and, surrounded by dancers, alternately recited song lyrics and denounced NATO. But the Russian citizenry is never far from his mind. "[Zhirinovsky] is above all a politician," said his spokesman, "and for him this is an opportunity for a new kind of communication with millions of people."



ESTATE YOUR CASE

They were artists and they were patriarchs, but when they died, they left lingering legacies and survivors scrambling for cash:

CLAIMANTS: Claude Picasso, son; Marina Picasso, granddaughter

AT ISSUE: Claude, legal administrator of the estate, has licensed Picasso's signature to carmaker Peugeot-Citroën. His niece is challenging a large consulting fee on the deal paid to another cousin's company

SHOCK NEWS: Picasso's name is on mugs and carpets, but not cars

CLAIMANTS: Cher, ex-wife; Sean Machu, alleged out-of-wedlock son

AT ISSUE: Cher filed a claim against Bono's \$1.6 million estate for unpaid alimony. And a California judge has ordered DNA tests on Bono and Machu to determine if he is Bono's son and eligible for inheritance

SHOCK NEWS: Cher, the successful one, wasn't paying Sonny alimony



SONNY BONO

CHRISTOPHER LITTLE—OUTLINE

Roger Rosenblatt

Welcome to the Works of the Trench Coat

"They wore the same thing every day—black coats, stuff like that."

—A student at Columbine High School

TWO SCENES OF CARNAGE AND GRIEF, SIDE BY SIDE ON TELEVISION. Flip: a teenage girl lies on a gurney, her throat freckled with bloodstains. Flip: a mother in Kosovo keens over the body of her child. Flip: children running from the Columbine school. Flip: refugees dragging themselves up a mountain road. Flip: Serbian mass murderers. Flip: "Trench Coat Mafia" mass murderers. Two lines of categorical hatred meet at a point before our eyes, but it is imponderable still, out of the question, unreal—all that death.

One tries to make sense of the high school killings, and the ethnic cleansings in Kosovo may be a way in. A tribe of haters in Serbia and an ad hoc tribe of haters in Colorado have a dark kinship. Both discover self-worth by hating an enemy. Both define themselves in opposition to "the other." Both appear benign for long stretches of time and then seethe and explode in a murderous fury.

In an odd way, I think much can be explained by the trench coats, not because they are long and black and what the kids call Gothic, but because they look alike; they conceal differences. People who are attracted to clans and cults seek to lose their individuality and discover power and pride in a group. As individuals, the killers, Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, were vulnerable, taunted by the other tribes in school—the cliques, the athletes—as geeks and nerds. "He just put a gun to my head," a girl reported. "And he started laughing and saying it was all because people were mean to him last year."

But join an ad hoc tribe, and you belong. You can all put on white makeup and eyeliner. You can all wear trench coats. You can annihilate yourself and disappear in plain sight.

Serbian ethnic cleansers can draw on long evolutionary memory for tribal hatred: by now it must seem that hate, like other tribal features, is carried in the genes. Suburban tribes have to hone enmities on the spot, so they require immediate inducements. The killers must be perceived as weak and ridiculous on their own before they seek group protection and justice. The group's main reason for being becomes revenge.

Flip: "They hated everybody," said a boy of the two who did the killing.

Out of feelings of inferiority grow ceremonies, sacred

rituals and symbols of counterfeit power—swastikas, trench coats. One boy, Eric Harris, establishes a home page on the Web: "Welcome to the works of the trench coat." They have become their symbol. Disguised, secure, they are free to cultivate what W.B. Yeats condemned as "an intellectual hatred." For Trench Coat Mafia members no less than ethnic cleansers, hatred becomes an object of intense study, a major, a creed.

There is pleasure in it, in being on the outs with society. The boys form a Nazi fan club. They pick up enough German to boast, *"Ich bin ein Ausländer."* They are in it by being out of it, and now all that remains is to eradicate the insiders so that out becomes in.

Better yet: safe and invisible inside their trench coats, they can at last "express themselves." The world of movies and TV that applauds young males for destructive, passionate displays, such as putting fists through glass doors, is suddenly theirs. They do not even mind the idea of dying. Fear of others has taken them beyond that fear. "I think they thought they would never be known in their lifetime," a friend of theirs speculated, trying to explain their suicides. Death, the final disappearance, gives them their individuality back, gives them life.

No wonder they laughed. Risen from their former humiliation, they have turned the tables on those who laughed at them. Theirs is the last mirthless laugh, laughing at itself. And who were they killing after all but the dehumanized members of other tribes?

Here is tribalism pure and deadly. The people they systematically murdered were not to be considered people; they were the generic "them." Normal human feelings would only get in

the way of seeing the enemy tribes as they must be seen—as targets. Harris and Klebold shot an African-American boy, Isaiah Shoels, directly in the face and remarked that his splattered remains were "awesome."

Flip: Isaiah's father Michael and a white boy, Craig Scott, sit side by side on the *Today* show. Craig's sister Rachel was also murdered in the school, and Craig was a friend of Isaiah's. As Craig talks about how much he liked Isaiah, Mike Shoels takes his hand. As Craig talks about Rachel, he places his other hand over Shoels'. No one changes channels now.

Welcome to the works of the trench coat. Welcome to the handiwork of the tribal haters—to the decimated lives, the unbearable pain, the absence, the tears, the sleepless nights, the memories, the dead.





Middle-of-the-road is for painted yellow lines.

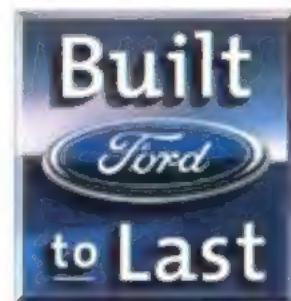
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